IT MUST BE BEST—AND IT IS

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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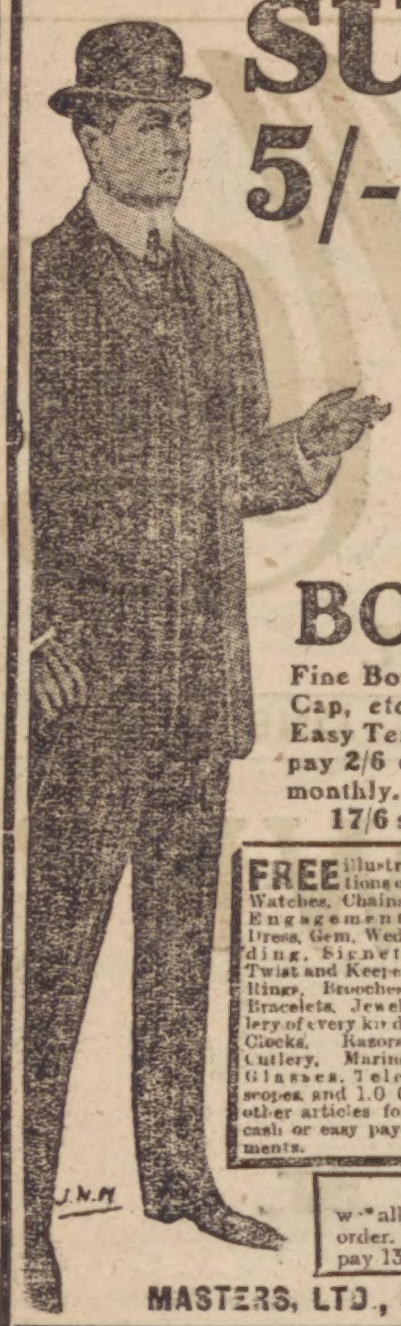

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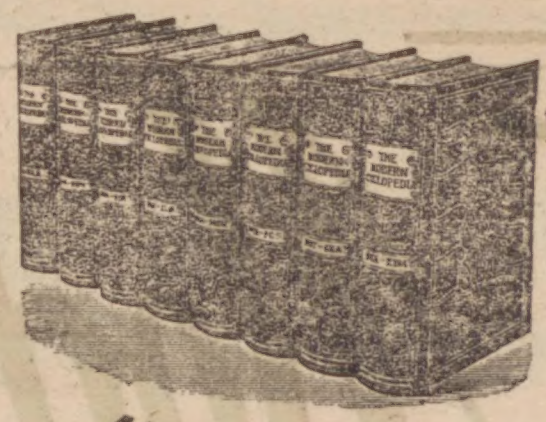

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 100. WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 1ST, 1910. ONE PENNY.

AMBIDEXTERITY.

a delightful litt!e word, isn't it? as euphoniously pleasing as "Truly or "Welcoming him in," or one of ny other tongue-twisters that are at enjoying a fleeting favour among pat- the music-halls.

seriously speaking, it is a decidedly geous attribute to possess. Say, for , that you have temporarily lost the our right hand, through an accident at , or cycling, or for some such reason. on't you bless your lucky stars if you d the foresight to learn to write and r things with your left hand as well? music-hall, not long ago, the present aw a man, who had one arm in a ght his cigarette very neatly. He put feet on the back of the stall in front took out an ordinary box of safety- from his pocket, and held it between es. Then he took out a match, struck e side of the box, and lit up. It may easy, but not every man could do it practice.

e are all sorts of little everyday things lost of us can do only with our right But some day we are almost cer- injure the dexter member slightly w or other; and in view of this we o worse than to train the left one.

A CITY NUISANCE.

every sensible man, we suppose that ader, have your eyes very wide open t the emp'oyment agents call "chances ncement." That is to say, you look your paper every morning to see if any job going which would suit you ich carries a larger salary than you present receiving.

s consider, then, that you have seen n advertisement, and that applicants pply personally. No doubt, as thou- f men have done before, you decide uring your lunch hour.

he morning you are in a state of the excitement, and your eye travels con- to the clock to see how it is progress- ards the time of your trial. And at comes. You put on your hat and rush ng the City streets.

you find yourself in the midst of that nnoying of City nuisances, the Pave- olka. You cannot hurry on. There are of people all round you, going back- and forwards at a snail's pace. Their hour is not over yet, and they are t away. It does not appear to strike hat anybody may be in a hurry. So ve to dance from side to side like a ed cat. Lunch-hour strollers are one City's prime annoyances.

CHEEK.

Mr. Edward Welford tells us that "Science will soon make crime impossible." For the sake of most of his papers, Lord Northcliffe devoutly hopes not.

* * *

A man was recently sentenced to hard labour for passing a worthless cheque. Appropriately enough, his name is Kidman.

* * *

Mr. Winston Churchill was recently injured in the leg. Had somebody pulled it?

* * *

"The handkerchief is almost the truest index to a person's character." The author of this pronouncement is Miss Beegle. It is perhaps only natural that she should be interested in things appertaining to the nose and scent.

* * *

A writer observes "Love is the motor of life." But the pity is that so many lovers get tyred.

* * *

We learn from Mr. Richard Jones that "If a boy is destined for an agricultural life, it is important he should know more about caterpillars and less about catechisms." But what he'll probably take most interest in is the grub.

* * *

An advertisement in a theatrical paper reads: "Wanted, acting-manager. Must be gentlemanly; used to bars." Dear old Mrs. Footler says that the combination is impossible.

* * *

Some bad feeling has been caused in a Dartford family by the discovery of a cigar-end in a tin of salmon. Some people are never satisfied. Surely the makers could not be expected to give away a cigarette picture as well!

* * *

Mr. F. H. Pickin says that "The tricky little wink is a splendid form of massage for the eye; it is easily taught and stimulates the pupil." Which pupil?

* * *

The Dean of Worcester remarks solemnly that drink "destroys the lives of one in twenty of the population." The *lives* of *one*, eh? We suppose that that one must be a cat.

* * *

One of Mr. Hall Walker's racehorses is called Miss Cue. The name seems to suggest bad strokes—of luck.

* * *

While in the same merry vein, we may remark that an animal called "Bumps" is said to be one of the most valuable pet dogs living. Whoever christened him must have thought he was a stunner.

J. S. Cox.

RACE-GOING ECONOMY.

There is many a man, working hard in a City office, to whom the lusty life and many-throated roar of the racecourse is one of life's greatest pleasures, but who is debarred from going racing as much as he would like because he thinks he can't afford it.

But is this really a fact? Doubtless when he goes down to the course, he likes to spend money freely and to stint himself in nothing that may happen to take his fancy. In such a case it is quite probable that racing is too expensive for him. But why not study race-going economy? You would then find racing hardly more expensive than active cricket or football.

Remember, for instance, that when a big race-meeting is on, railway companies run cheap trains to it from all the big cities and towns throughout the country. Always catch one of these. If you go down later by an ordinary train, your fare may be as much as four or five times more.

Men who go to the course to see racing, and not to bet, can often see splendidly without paying any entrance-fee. This is the case where the course is situated on a common or a stretch of public down-land.

At any rate, the wise race-goer is just as happy in the "bob enclosure" as he is in Tattersall's Ring. A judicious study of race-going economy should prove to a great many men how cheaply they can enjoy the Sport of Kings.

FOOTBALL CADS.

The great majority of us go to football matches to see football; and if, at times, over-enthusiasm or excitement get the better of us, we give a howl or two, and then subside once more into quiet contemplation of the game.

There are some men—happily, not many—who go to football matches to make a noise and be objectionable to the opposing team.

These are the gentry who squall such things as "play the game, ref!" "Bowl him over, Bill!" (when one of their own men fouls). "Ugh! *Dirty!* Where's your whistle, ref?" (when a player of their pet team has been, perhaps quite legitimately, tackled).

Some of them devise particularly ingenious schemes for making nuisances of themselves; and one instance is afforded by a man who frequents the ground of a big professional team in a suburb west of London.

His pet dodge is to station himself behind the goal occupied by the opposing side; and at times of crisis to produce a huge rattle, such as night-watchmen used to carry in the old days. The hellish noise he makes with this is calculated to put the coolest goalkeeper off his game.

The acknowledged hooligan is bad enough; but the individual who cloaks his malpractices under the disguise of high spirits should be put down with some force.

Desecration of the Dead

A COMMENTARY ON SO-CALLED SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

There is something about a dead body which demands veneration.

A gentleman—whether he be dressed in a frock-coat and a silk hat, or in labour-stained fustian—bares his head when he meets a funeral.

He does not know who the dead person may have been, he does not trouble to consider whether or not he would have liked him if he had ever met him, but he knows that he is dead, and that is sufficient to secure his respect.

It is well that such is our feeling.

The roughest and least educated among us knows that the man whose body is being drawn past him was, a few brief days ago, a man like himself, perhaps better, perhaps worse, but the fact that he is dead makes him instinctively bare his head, just as after a battle it is customary for an army to be drawn up and to salute with all ceremony those of their comrades who have been wounded.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

It would appear, however, that this respect is not to be given after a person has been dead a certain number of years.

A week after his death his body is a sacred thing, but two thousand years after his death his body becomes, in the view of some, merely a curiosity, to be dug ruthlessly from its resting-place, shipped to a strange country, and hacked to pieces, that its component parts may be scientifically analysed.

The man who handles a newly-dead body—the undertaker—is regarded as a social pariah.

He is a man who at times has to be employed, and his trade is admittedly a necessary one, but you would rather not shake hands with him, and, if you are obliged to do so, you would feel a natural inclination to wipe your palm on your trousers afterwards.

The doctor, whose profession is unquestionably the noblest of all, will have nothing to do with the body of his patient when life has become extinct.

A DISGUSTING TRAFFIC.

In the case of Egyptian mummies there appears to be no such feeling. The white-haired professor, with the spectacles and the foolish smile, hacks and carves at the leg of the mummy, without apparently realising that he is desecrating the remains of a human being.

The Government of Egypt have taken steps to check the traffic in mummies and the desecration of the ancient graves of their dead. It would be well if they would put an end to it altogether, but there has arisen a disgusting fashion of having at least one mummy in every museum of any repute, and to gratify this most morbid aspect of public curiosity the ghastly traffic in mummies is still continued.

One of the most revolting exhibitions to which the public have ever been admitted was that recently held at King's College in London.

So far, not one word has been said against it in the Press, but surely it is time that the British public, which, though not addicted to sentimentality, is at least capable of a sense of human decency, should have the matter laid before them.

SO-CALLED SCIENTISTS.

Various exploration funds have been started with a view to the digging-up of the ancient Egyptian tombs and temples. For centuries the sand has covered them, and the hand of nature which strewed the dust over them was kinder than the hand which digs it ruthlessly away.

If the so-called scientists whose names are most intimately associated with Egyptology were content with digging up the buildings of a bygone age, there would be little to be complained of; but they are not so content—they do not rest satisfied unless they can bring back palpable evidence of their labours in the shape of mummified human remains.

Thus do they satisfy the subscribers to the exploration funds, and thus do they make, in a limited circle, some sort of name for themselves.

MORBID DESIRES.

As a matter of fact, they are not scientists at all, but crude panderers to morbidity, and their work is not one whit more clean than that of the modern undertaker or mortuary-keeper, and it is with them that they should be classed.

The undertaker and the mortuary-keeper have their places in society, humble and unpleasant places though they may be, but the Egyptologist, whose business in life is the desecration of the dead, serves no useful purpose whatever.

One of the most lamentable facts in connection with this revolting business is that so many women interest themselves in it.

We look for gentleness in women, and generally we find it, but also in most women there is, unfortunately, a tendency to seek for morbid sensation.

In the humbler classes of life, we find women visiting a house where they know that a dead body is lying, and claiming some sort of acquaintance with the deceased, in order that they may satisfy a superstitious and unwholesome desire to touch the corpse.

NO MORE CONGRATULATIONS.

The same morbidity exists in other classes. Old maids with money, lacking any sort of accomplishment or attraction, and desiring to make up for their defects by an assumption of academic interest, contribute to the funds that enable the diggers in Egypt to continue their disgusting work.

When the public consider these things more seriously, when they realise that respect is due to the dead, no matter how long ago death took place, then we shall find no Press notices of congratulation to the so-called Egyptian discoverers, but, instead, we shall find the public demanding that the mummies now in our museums shall be returned to the country from which we had no right to remove them.

E. Greig-Jones.

THE SUTOR CASE.

SOME REMARKS AND REFLECTIONS

As the finding and sentence of the court-martial on Lieut. Allan Sutor have not, at the time of writing, been confirmed, I must be careful what I say, but there are points in the still undecided case which are matters of fair comment.

To begin with, the case calls attention to the system by which a private soldier may demand a court-martial as a right, but an officer cannot. It is high-time this anomaly was done away with, for at present an officer who incurs the enmity of his superiors may be manœuvred out of the Army without a chance of publicly defending himself.

He may appeal to the Press, but if he does so while in the Army, then he is liable to be tried by court-martial. He gets the court-martial, but only on the technical charge of contravening the regulations in regard to Press communications, the real issue being carefully shut up.

By bringing about reform in this direction Mr. Sutor may do the commissioned ranks of the Army a great service, but it seems to me that in another direction he has done his brother officers a grave injustice.

I refer to his assertion that the average regimental officer's work takes only [illegible] minutes a day. Well, I don't exactly know how things are now, but I thought that the general complaint among officers was that they have to do three times as much work as formerly without any corresponding increase in pay.

Even in my time, when we lived and were treated like gentlemen, and not like naughty school boys, one was kept pretty busy from about 8 a.m. to 1 p.m., and, again, there were the days when you were on special duty as "orderly dog," "captain of the week," and so on, when you were lucky to go pretty well from reveille to midnight.

I don't for a moment pretend that in my time the average subaltern worked as hard as the average young professional or business man. But why should he have done so for 5s. or 6s. a day and no prospect of more or more however hard he worked?

Twenty years ago, crowds of men sent in their papers because they were disgusted with the increase in petty duties, such as coming to greasy coppers in the canteen, and I believe that the British officer has become more and more a weird combination of clerk, housekeeper, grocer's assistant, and Y.M.C.A. lecturer.

I agree with Mr. Sutor that the system of Army education is useless. I agree, too, that the Army system is rotten. As I have pointed out before, the Army Council is a failure. It is a mere jellyfish of a body that can sting, but it is wafted hither and thither by the waves of petticoat influence, personal spite, and fear of Parliament.

You will never get a first class and contented Army until you free it from the corroding influence of time-serving politicians and until you have a Commander-in-Chief who is afraid of no man.

At present when the cat-like tread of Mr. Haldane is heard outside the Army Council door, the members squeak and twitter like frightened mice.

The Army Council have been publicly accused by Major Adam, M.P., of corruption. Why don't they take action against him? Apparently they prefer to catch a junior officer on a technical charge.

I don't agree with Mr. Sutor on many points, but still I think his case proves that all is very far from being well with the Army. And matters will go from bad to worse as long as the Army is governed by a Parliamentary attorney and a Council of axe-grinding puppets.

"Chinstrap."

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE LINK

By JOHN F. WESTON.

"This way, and mind your knees!" said Kenny.

The exercise, if not exactly new, was decidedly fresh to me. Since boyhood's most reckless days I had not explored the roof of a big house. In those good times the Alpine act, up a sixty degree sloping roof with a hockey-stick for an alpenstock and the ladder resting on a quarter-inch of ledge between the roof and Eternity, had been an unconsidered trifle. Now, with the set bones of increasing age, it was no joke even to get up under the rafters through a trap-door and, with the owner of the old house, embark on a search for repairs that might be necessary to the ancient roof.

Even Kenny, with his strong arms, had found it difficult to push up the trap-door, but with the aid of determination and a crowbar it gave at last, and with an unearthly moan fell back on its hinges. The very ghosts of the house seemed to put their concentrated chorus into that moan.

"Very likely," said Kenny, "the bloomin' lot have been sitting on the door keepin' it down: Old Chirac, the smuggler; Dembry, the miser; Drakelow, who did for his wife in sixteen-seventeen. Never mind, old boy, nineteen-hundred-and-ten has triumphed over the blessed lot!"

If this were true, it was decidedly one to nineteen-ten, for the house dated from the first years of good King James, and averaged a ghost and a half per generation. It was a fine country house. Kenny had married it, and incidentally the daughter thereof. But, after close on four hundred years, age was beginning to get hold of the old place. First of all, the outbuildings had given warning. A ter a gale they had collapsed utterly, and Kenny had found them with the roof closed down on to the supporting bastions, just as the nose of a very old man meets his chin.

Kenny informed me by laconic postcard, and as I had reined up at his door, I had seen him attired suitably for the expedition in a pair of ancient riding-breeches and an old Norfolk coat. He had prepared me similarly for the crawling, and now we were standing, Blondin-like, our feet on the cross-running beams that were intersected by the lathes and plaster that formed the stiffening of the attic ceilings. Light was coming dimly through various chinks, the sun had fixed golden rods of varying thicknesses connecting up with the sloping roof and the lath and plaster, and dust particles danced in those transparent streaks. It seemed almost a pity that it was for such chinks in the old roof as these that we were searching; that we sought to take the golden beams away, and make all like the darkest corners of the rusty, cobwebbed and full of vague secrets.

The expedition was not without its touch of romance. Not a soul had walked where we were walking for how many years? It was a long journey that we had before us over the beams, and where the nine-inch-thick brickwork partitioned off parts of the eaves (in those days the jerry-builder was not), there were manholes through which we had to make our way on all fours, blessing, as we proceeded, the sacking that protected our knees.

We surveyed all this not without misgiving, but the sight of a Jacobean mark set in the plaster around the first manhole encouraged us. We could make out the date in the odd figuring, and we went hopefully on.

"Never know what you're going to find up in these old places," said Kenny. "To my certain knowledge we can boast of a miser, a murderer, a lawyer, and a smuggler—all in the same category—so I'm hopeful.

"We might even find a skeleton," he went on, cheerfully, and we stepped out of the manhole into practical darkness.

"Everything's all right here," said Kenny. "Better light our lamps."

I was none too sorry to do this. To a mind without a touch of imagination the place was little short of ghastly. The dark pressed on me; sable shadows lurked in corners. Our lamps burned weakly. . . . went out. . . . Beyond us was the grey light showing where the manhole was. A cold wind rushed past us, shuddering through the rafters.

"Gad!—and I've only one more match," said Kenny.

Being a habitual smoker, of course I borrowed my matches on principle. I had not one.

Kenny's hand bore the merest suspicion of a shake as he applied the match to his lamp again. Successful this time, thank heaven!

"That's good," he said fervently. "Hang it all! this place is beginning to give me the horrors. I somehow feel that, after all, this is the builder's job, you know. What do you say to a glass of port down in the dining-room?"

"Look here, Kenny," I said, bravely, "don't tell me that you—a hunting man, too—are going to be afraid of damned spooks! Hang it, man, come on!"

My pride would not listen to the dictates of my imagination. We proceeded gingerly by way of the beams, not looking to right or left, but making straight for the manhole that promised better light on the other side. For once, I am certain, Kenny was glad that the roof over the third wing-extension was so much in need of repair. Her ancient pierced-brick ventilator, the cells of which had crumbled, gave us our guiding light, and we emerged into the brightest place we had been in for five fearsome minutes.

The pillars of light were much larger here, and if our hearts were delighted then, it was surely as nothing to the gladness that would swell the breast of some local builder or contractor!

And then it was Kenny who found It.

"Good gad!" he said. "What's that iron box?"

An unimaginative companion might have replied that it was an iron box. But I merely said "Ah" with great emphasis.

"A link with the past!" I cried. "Gold!"

"Hardly think so," said Kenny, picking it up. "The lock's gone wrong——"

"A little oil," I suggested.

"A little muscle," Kenny amended, and, by sheer strength, turned back the rusted-iron lid. It had stood under a crack in the roof for some years, evidently.

"No gold," he said, somewhat disappointed.

"But there's some writing," I said.

"We held it up to the light. It had almost faded into the brown time-stained paper, yet, with a little trouble, it was decipherable. The writing was laboured and large, as a child's. . . . We were back to the time of Drakelow, the wife-slayer. I was sure of that. Perhaps it was *here*. I confess that I shuddered. His wife, then, was little more than a child.

I put the question to Kenny.

"Married 'em at thirteen in those days—and anyway there weren't any board schools," Kenny explained. "According to our records she was over twenty-five, and the bones in the vault were those of a grown woman. Perhaps old Drakelow had her educated late in life—and then regretted it. Even in these days educated women know too much for mere men and—well, King James doesn't rule now, or——"

I would hear no such heresies. (Mrs. Kenny, I knew, was more than conversant with the subterfuges of the male mind.)

"Read the paper," I said.

The spelling was very faulty in places, but rendered into readable English which preserves the sense of the text; the main passage was as follows:

". . . *And so I, the wife of Drakelow, abide until such time as he shall choose that She who has my place in his household shall enjoy it without hearing the cries of Alys, once handmaid to the Queen's Majesty and now the wife of a libertine, waiting to be put to death for that she read the lie on her husband's lips. . . . This Yule Tide of the Year of our Lord, 1617.*—ALYS."

We deciphered each word very slowly at the time, I remember. Very impressive it sounded to us thus in the original, although the bound "Chronicles" of the house (I had been allowed to finger them for thirty seconds in due humility of spirit) had the last writings of Alys thus set down.

He returned the letter to the iron box, and, taking it between us, we made for the manhole again. Forgotten was Kenny's mission, forgotten the fact that of every break in the roofing he had intended to make a note. Such a thing as a contractor's name, or the suggestion of a contractor, seemed a thing too profane to mention now. I did not remind him. With head bent for more reason than that, our way led us under low roofing in places, I followed him—my friend who bore with me that anguished Link with the Past.

"Have you men begrimed yourselves sufficiently?" asked Mrs. Kenny, as we walked into the dining-room at funereal pace. (Mrs. Kenny, for all that she is a hunting woman, is the most particular housewife and, I'll warrant, one of the best cooks in the country.) "And where *did* you rake up that rusty old box?" she added. "No. I will *not* have the dirty thing put on this table-cloth."

"Alice," said Kenny impressively, "here in this box we have discovered an undeniable link with the past. Read *there*" (he placed the faded writing before her eyes) "of the anguish of a cruelly-used woman, the wife of—Drakelow!"

Mrs. Kenny looked.

Then she burst into the rippling pleasant laughter for which she was noted, and never failed to use when occasion offered.

"Oh, you stupid boys!" she managed to gasp—and started again.

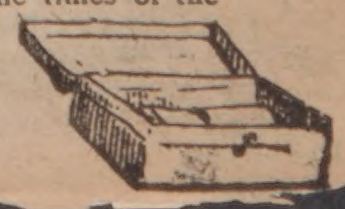
She finished at last, wiping the tears from her eyes, and then she explained.

As we sat squirming in each of the two fat arm-chairs she told us of a girl aged sweet seventeen who, being romantic-minded and a little meddlesome (as was natural at that age!), had gone to the library, stolen the sacred "Chronicles," and copied the last writing of Alys, in a mixture of sepia, water, and ink on to a providentially time-stained piece of paper discovered between the leaves. Moreover, she added, that girl had (of course, she would do no such things now!) climbed into the roof and placed it in the iron box for the benefit of her father, a venerated antiquarian, who, however, never lived to make the examination of the flaws in the roof that were fast appearing at that time.

When she added that that girl was "the present, highly-amused Mrs. Kenny," it was a statement unnecessary on the face of it.

I saw poor Kenny look at her—once. I shall not forget it. He out-Drakelowed Drakelow.

Somehow, too, I believe that for a moment he wished all of us were back in the times of the first James.



READING IN BED

A LUXURY AND ITS ATTENDANT DANGERS.

Among all the minor luxuries of life—luxuries that are the more luxurious in that they cost nothing in hard cash and very little in effort—is that of reading in bed.

Whatever the bed, the luxury is much the same. You may be lying on a plank or suspended on the most alluring of spring mattresses, but the pleasure of reading in bed is the same in either case.

No amount of discomfort can rob the indulgence of many of its more obvious attractions. Not that I would recommend you to try it while sleeping on the proverbial—or colloquial — clothes-line; for there are moments, if the book is entertaining and exciting, when you would assuredly lose your balance, not to mention the page at which you were reading.

CHOICE OF READING MATTER.

Which brings me to the first essential to successful reading in bed. This is the important matter of the sort of reading that you choose. It is hopeless trying to realise the true reader's enjoyment without a book. The bed demands a book. No newspaper can be read in bed with any degree of enjoyment.

Nor does a magazine fully satisfy all the necessities of the case. Both the newspaper and the magazine are suggestive of an hurrying age, and hurry is the last disturbing element that should be allowed to sit at the top of the bed and overlook your lazy hour of browsing over the printed page.

No. A book is the thing for such a time. You select it with discrimination from your bookshelf just before you go upstairs. It must not be a closely-written book, the type should be large, the margins wide, and the volume as light as may be, for you do not want an aching arm or an aching hand, which is worse.

AVOIDING DISCOMFORTS.

Let it also be a book that is not new. A new book sometimes needs cutting, and to disarrange yourself every few minutes for the purpose of slitting open another half-dozen of the pages is enough to make you throw book and knife and candle on the floor and turn round in disgust to seek sleep.

Candle light is the ideal. The glare of a lamp, the steady roar of a gas-jet, or the staring electric light, are all calculated to destroy the sense of peace, quiet, privacy and seclusion, in which reading in bed must be done to be enjoyed to the full.

Well, then, having given a last look round in the lower regions of the house, you put the book under your arm and saunter upstairs. Like the ebbed tide, the world has receded far from your horizon. Your thoughts are not harried by yesterday's annoyances, or oppressed by to-morrow's duties.

You sink comfortably down into the bed, settling yourself in that position which enables every muscle to relax. The window is open, wide open, but the few sounds of night cannot disturb you now. They have no connection with work or worry.

THE IDEAL SEASON.

The candle burns with a soft and steady light. (Snip off the wretched thing's wick if it begins to dance at intervals of every few seconds.) You turn gently on your side, take up the book, prop it before you, its back resting on the top roll of the bedclothes, and there you are.

Let the light fall from behind your line of sight, or the candle flame will be a source of constant irritation.

In winter, when the pleasure of reading in bed is, in my opinion, much enhanced by the roughness of the elements without and by the greater need for snugness and warmth, you should see that the arms, and hands, too, if possible, are not uncovered. If they should be, you will come suddenly out of the land of imagination, to the realisation of the fact that arms and fingers are benumbed.

LAPSING.

With a book that is at all worth reading, the chapters slip by one by one and the hours keep pace with them. At the end of each chapter you have a half-hearted tussle with yourself as to closing the book for the night, but, if the writer of the book knows his business, you will be lured on from page to page, chapter to chapter.

Only when you realise with a start that you are actually beginning to doze off, do you really think seriously of sleep. Usually you have gone off with such gradual lapses from full consciousness that you are quite oblivious of the fact. Then the book falls from your loosening grip and —— Heavens! You were asleep!

Occasionally it happens that the book does not fall and you sleep on. Take care, therefore, that the candle is always out of reach of the bedclothes and that the candlestick will not burn, or you may wake up to more real and serious trouble than ever fell out in your book.

It is a safe and good rule never, in any circumstances, to place the candle upon the bed. Sleep steals over you so insidiously.

Drop the extinguisher over the flame, and the book on the floor, and then turn over till daylight.

ROBERT FIELD.

THE SCHOOLS OF SPORT.

Just as every school turns out a different type of boy, so does every branch of sport produce a distinctive type of man. In some subtle way his pet game has an effect upon his character.

You will find that the average cricket slogger is an alert, clear-eyed man, always ready to take advantage of any chances that may be offered to him in life.

The general run of boxers do not, above all things, take advantage of their superior fistic ability; but in some cases they are apt to be rather cocksure and self-assertive.

Though, doubtless, this is quite unconscious, it has the effect of making most men take some time before really chumming with them. them.

The fisherman is a type by himself. He is quiet, always decorous, generally resourceful, and never a fool.

THE TIRED YEAR.

JUST BEFORE THE LEAVES BEGIN TO DROP.

"*Another tired year hath dropped asleep.*"

It will be time enough to complete the couplet when we have watched the first sleep deepen into profound and even slumber.

For the moment there is pleasure in watching the eyes of Nature closing with something like weariness.

There is no more harvest left. Every field has been scraped bare, and, where machinery has not robbed them of their chance, the gleaners have gone home, taking their scanty sheaves with them.

Over the whole land—woods, pastures, and stubbles—there has fallen a strange stillness, as of a deserted town. The trees have lost the cleanness of their green tints, and an exhausted pallor has spread up their stems past the leaves, and we know that it is only a matter of a frost or two, and they will drop dry and dead and wrinkled.

The shade they give is still complete, but beneath them is a sodden dankness and a smell of decay. The grasses lie about bent, rotted and immense growths of bracken begin to droop. The sound of the pigeon and dove has gone, none can tell where.

The sportsman has passed through the open fields taking toll of the coveys, the hares, and rabbits; and what are left have become wild and wary. Only from afar can one hear sometimes the calling of the remnants of a covey, or catch sight of a loping hare away on the upland.

Robbed of all its produce, the earth seems neglected and forsaken. Even man is tired. He has gathered food against the winter, and is content that the fields shall be fallow for a time.

Only near to human habitations is there still activity and purpose evident. They have are looking a long way forward. They have in their mind's eye the days of driving storm of reckless gales, and unceasing rain, and they are busy round the homesteads.

There is wood to stack, bulky cords of it to be sawn and chopped and piled away. There are ragged thatches to repair and many roofs to be mended, for the winter siege is upon them—the short dark days, the early fall of night when no man can work, the interminable hours of darkness, and the shivering dawns.

The whole trend of the country's life is towards the homestead. The outposts are drawn in; the force consolidated and entrenched to withstand the shock of winter's onslaught.

The time is one of truce in which mankind prepares to face another war. Long before we are fully ready, the summer and winter autumn will be only memories and winter will prevail with rigour and mercilessness.

The man who is fortunate enough to watch the autumn approach and the summer retreat, to spend hours in the open, in this time of lull and anticipation, is lucky indeed. At no period can a man get so near to the heart of things, for his mind seeks the meaning of it all with unceasing inquiry.

There is no summer fullness to enjoy; nor is there autumn's active destruction; but in the time of pause, after the ingathering, he can survey past and future from the isolation and suspense of the present.

For the moment, killing has lost its attraction. Of sport with the gun he has had his fill.

It is too early to look forward, the future holds as many attractions as the past. Sport is everlasting, but he is sport-weary at the moment.

A little later, and his mind has cut the past, and he finishes the couplet:

"*Wait we the waking of another spring.*"

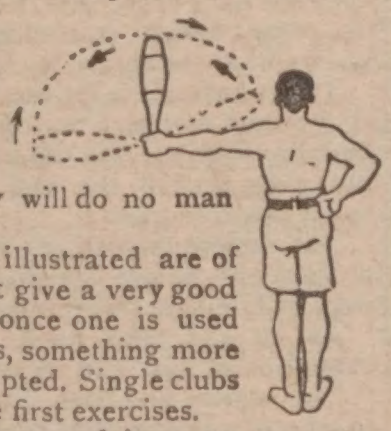
C. EASTON GIBBS.

CLUB SWINGING

SOME SIMPLE EXERCISES FOR BEGINNERS.

For the man who must have some form of appliance with which to exercise, and who demands something a little more interesting than the exercises which I give weekly on the page of this paper specially devoted to Physical Development, I can recommend nothing simpler, cheaper, or more effective than a pair of Indian clubs, which need cost no more than half a crown, even if they are of the full weight of three pounds.

I should recommend a lighter club, however, to start with, and would also emphasise the fact that one must be content to start at the beginning, and to learn to swing the clubs scientifically. Merely waving a pair of clubs about indiscriminately will do no man any good.



The Lever.

The exercises here illustrated are of the simplest order, but give a very good groundwork. When once one is used to the feel of the clubs, something more elaborate can be attempted. Single clubs should be used for the first exercises.

The first exercise illustrated is an excellent one for suppling the wrists as a preliminary to club-swinging proper. It is suppleness and fitness rather than development that is aimed at in club-swinging.

Hold the club perpendicular in the left hand, keeping the arm absolutely rigid and horizontal. Lay the club along the arm without bending the latter at the elbow and without releasing the grip on the handle more than is actually necessary.

Raise the club again and continue the movement until the club is extended in line with the arm, which must at no time be raised, lowered, or bent.

After repeating this exercise several times with each hand, return the club to the left, and assume the position indicated in the second sketch.

This exercise is known as the "large side circle," the arm being extended until the club assumes the position shown by the dotted line, and swung sharply forward in a wide circle until it reaches the starting position. The elbow is then bent and the club lowered before the arm is again extended and the circle repeated.

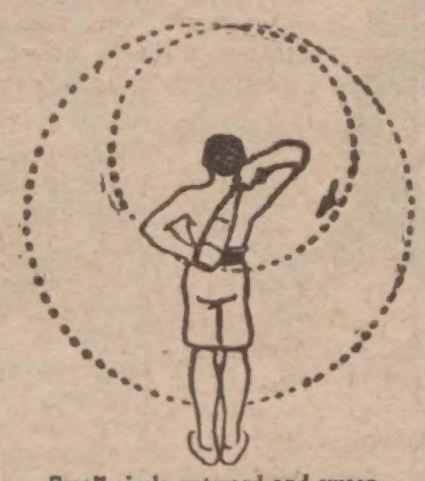
The arm must not be circled round continuously, but must be checked between each separate circle. As the club passes the feet on the third downward stroke, check it steadily and reverse the movement, making three large circles in the opposite direction before transferring the club to the other hand.

After a certain amount of practice, these two exercises can be done with a club in each hand, but at first it is advisable to use one at a time, in order that the movements may be done with the proper amount of care and concentration.

Large side circle.

The third exercise illustrated is a combination of the small circle behind the back and the "sweep" in front.

Place the left hand (doubled) on the hip, with the elbow sticking out at the side. Raise the club with the right hand above the head, and drop the hand to the position shown. Circle the club once from the wrist in the direction of the arrow, extending the arm as it rises, and then circle it with a large sweep in the same direction in front of the body. Repeat the process without check several times with each hand, and then do the same exercise, making the circles "inwards" or in the opposite direction.



Small circle outward and sweep.

To do this exercise with two clubs, the movements must be timed so that one end is making the small circle behind the back, while the other is sweeping round in front of the body.

The next exercise is one involving two clubs and is more difficult, as if not properly timed, the clubs will clash. The right hand, starting in the position of the second sketch makes a series of small circles backwards, while the left hand makes small circles inwards behind the back.

A variation is to move the clubs in the reverse directions.

In the last exercise the right arm is extended horizontally, while the left starts by making three small circles behind the back. At the end of the third, carry the club out to the left, sweeping the right club round in front to join it. Poise there a moment, and drop the arms to the sides before repeating.

Small circles, side and inward.

In all these exercises the club must be grasped firmly but easily, with the little finger resting against the knob of the handle.

The thumb should be bent round the handle, and should not extend along it. Nor should the club ever be allowed to slip through the hand until it is held only by the thumb and forefinger.

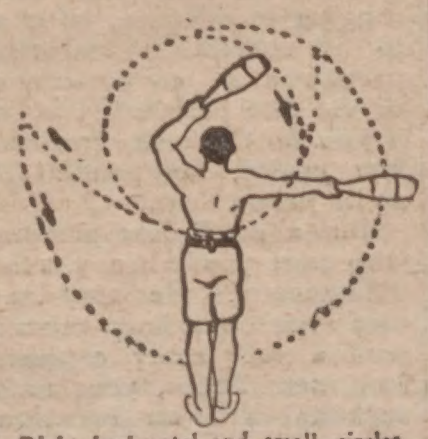
If only one arm is used, the other should rest with the back of the fingers in the hip so as to be clear of the club. It is most important, as I have hinted before, that all the movements should be done with precision, and that the clubs should not be allowed to wabble about.

When a circle or a sweep is to be made, the club must move in the same plane throughout, and must not curve outwards at one part of the circle and inwards at another.

When the simpler exercises such as those here illustrated have been mastered, it will be time to go on to something more ambitious. Various exercises can be invented by simply combining the elementary movements.

Club-swinging is above all a muscle-making exercise.

F. G. MITCHELL.



Right horizontal and small circles behind back.

PHEASANT ETIQUETTE.

POINTS THAT WILL BE USEFUL TO HOSTS AND GUESTS.

On the first of October a great event will take place in the world of sport, an event for which ardent sportsmen will have been waiting with varying degrees of patience for some long time—in fact, ever since the beginning of February. This event is the opening of the pheasant-shooting season.

A large number of our readers, especially in the country, will be joyfully taking out a gun on that day, either in the capacity of host or guest, for a glorious battle with the king of all game birds, and possibly a few of them—for we must all make a beginning—will be going out for the first time, and may be secretly feeling a little shaky on one or two points of pheasant-shooting etiquette.

The stringency with which these rules are observed among sportsmen cannot be over-estimated; so that the recapitulation of one or two of the more prominent may possibly tend to lighten the doubt that had previously existed in more minds than one.

First of all, take the case of the young host who has not had much experience in the matter of "placing" his shooting party. If their form is about equal, there is nothing simpler than to let them take turn and turn about at different positions, but in few cases do you get a team of guns of anything approaching even form.

It will, therefore, be not a bad plan to put the weakest shots—who, by the way, will probably be the greediest as well—in the good places in the front line. This will flatter them. The most active and skilful shots might be placed behind them, about thirty or forty yards away. These will get all the shots the front line men miss, which will be many; and this fact, together with a clearly-implied compliment, will please them, too.

Never commit the error of giving nothing but outside places all day to a poor shot. This would try the temper of an angel, and a mortal could not fail to be goaded into a mad hatred by it.

With regard to etiquette from the guest's point of view, the most heinous crime is that of taking your neighbour's bird; but an unfortunate point is that it is often so difficult to tell which is his and which is yours.

You will probably be standing at the end of a wood, either in a field outside or in a broad "ride." There will doubtless be guns on either side of you, at about twenty or twenty-five yards off. Take only the birds which are well over your own ground. If one comes straight towards you, but suddenly turns in its flight and makes towards your neighbour as you are on the point of shooting, you are justified in holding on to him, but if he is going in such a manner as to provide a poor shot for you, but a good overhead chance for your neighbour, you should leave him alone.

Your sportsmanship will often be judged by the way you decide on the right moment to fire.

Although it is avoided as far as possible, birds will often be "flushed"—*i.e.*, made to get up by the beaters—close to the guns. They may rise possibly not farther than twenty yards off, and it is very bad form to shoot at them before they have reached the summit of their soar. A pheasant always rises to a certain zenith, and then starts gliding forward with a gradual inclination downwards. Just as he reaches the zenith is the moment to fire.

While on this subject, we might add a very important warning to inexperienced guns. Never fire at a low pheasant. When the line of beaters is nearing you, and is about a hundred yards or so away, you may get what looks like a very tempting shot, at a height of about twelve feet, but, whatever you do, don't take it, for, to the sportsman of experience, this is anathema. Such a shot would be at exactly the level at which the oncoming line of beaters would be caught in the head. It is often through men firing at low birds that shooting accidents occur.

PATRICK WRIGHT.

HOW TO KICK

SHOWING HOW TO DO IT HARD, AND STRAIGHT, AND LOW.

The game is over, and worn out with the exertions of two hard-fought "forty-fives," the two elevens move off happily for a good wash and rub-down in the home club's pavilion.

While those beneficent processes are under way, the talk reverts easily to the salient points of the match that has just been played. "By the way," observes your captain, after a while, "I think we ought to get another reserve forward. Now, there's a man called Jones who has been applying for membership of the club. Does anybody know him?"

"Yes, I know him," speaks up your centre-half, "and though I hate to say so—for he's a thorough good chap—I shouldn't encourage him to join. Why, he doesn't even know how to kick a ball!"

That is the sort of thing you'll hear men say time after time; and the natural assumption is that kicking a ball is one of the easiest things in the game of football. But it is not—that is, if we mean to kick a ball properly. There is many an amateur player in the field to-day who would be greatly incensed if you told him he didn't kick properly, but who *doesn't*, for all that. The man who can kick a ball straight, and low, and just as far as (*no further than*) he wants it to go is very rare indeed.

KEEPING IT LOW.

First of all, let us consider how to keep the ball low. This is, of course, one of the greatest signs of a really skilful player; for whereas a low shot reaches its object—let us here suppose it to be the feet of another member of your team—in the quickest possible time, the high shot will often allow a nippy adversary to collar it first, or, at any rate, to head it out of the way.

If you strike a cricket ball with the point of the bat too far forward, you are bound to loft it. In the same way, you cannot help lifting a football too high, if your kicking foot is too far forward at the time of the impact. Most of us know that the right part of the foot with which to kick a moving (though not a stationary) ball is the instep. A good rule, therefore, is to treat the instep as you would a cricket-bat, and have your toes pointing as nearly as possible straight at the ground at the moment of kicking.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

But don't let this get you into a poky action. Always follow well through with your foot after the stroke.

Most men are chiefly concerned to be powerful kickers. To the back especially is it delightful to see the ball fly from his instep and sail sweetly three-quarters of the length of the field and then fall nicely at the feet of his outside-left.

To get the maximum of power into a kick, you should see that the stroke is effected at the precise moment when your kicking foot is at the highest momentum of its swing. And if it is a running kick, try to utilise the momentum of your whole body as much as possible.

To kick hard, too, you must see that your weight is properly poised. It is chiefly this point that constitutes the dividing-line between a good and a bad kicker. If you are kicking with your right foot, have your body fairly well forward, so that all your weight is momentarily supported on your left—and *vice versâ*.

Now a word with regard to straightness and judgment of strength. Straightness should not be difficult to acquire if you use the right part of your foot, the instep, and use it properly. For if your foot is pointing in the right direction, and you meet the ball squarely with your instep, you can't go wrong.

As regards judgment of strength, so as to make the ball drop at the precise spot you want it to, there is nothing that constitutes better practice than to chalk a circle—say, a yard and a half in diameter—and, at a distance of thirty or forty yards, kick the ball lightly so as to drop within the circle. After a little practice, lengthening the distance by degrees, you will become a very sure kick.

Corner-kicking is an art in itself. The man who takes the corner must use eyes as well as feet; he must take in at a glance the positions held by his men at the goal-mouth, and should take his kick accordingly.

When the wind is blowing in the direction of the besieged goal, it is often possible for the corner-kicker to score entirely on his own account, by calculating first how much force is required to take the ball to a spot in the air, where the wind can finish the work.

E. S. MORRISON.

AMATEUR SHERLOCKS.

Charles Dickens is said to have acquired his unique knowledge of human nature by his early habit of trying to sum up the character and habits of everybody he met from that person's outward appearance and facial expression.

Such a practice, though probably it would not produce such notable results in everybody as it did in the case of the great novelist, should at any rate infuse a certain amount of interest into the everyday life of the man who has not much leisure for sport.

In the course of a long 'bus or train journey, the tedium might often be whiled away by making a mental summing-up of your fellow-passengers' natures, professions, and so on; and trying to find out by their subsequent actions or conversation, how far you were right.

TYPES OF RAGGERS.

We do not refer to the sort of "ragging" that seems to be the reward alike of popularity and of the lack of it in the Army or at the 'Varsity, but to the unpleasant experience of being "carpeted."

Most of us have had a ragging or two—or a "wigging," or whatever you like to call it—during the course of our chequered careers, and our degree of resentment has been regulated by the personality of the men who did the ragging. For there are all sorts and conditions of raggers.

There is the man who gives you your ragging in advance, as it were. He tells you to do something, and then he goes into a paroxysm of excitement over a description of the dire penalties that will fall to your lot if you do the task unsatisfactorily. But to do him justice, the penalties are never so bad as he paints them.

But a much less pleasant type is the man who rags you when you have forgotten your delinquency. He may say nothing at the time; but on a later occasion he will observe with a very nasty expression: "I have not forgotten, Jones, your melancholy failure on such-and-such an occasion." This type of ragger is no sportsman.

REMINISCENCES OF A ROLLING STONE.

V.—THE JAMESON RAID.

I was not in the Jameson Raid, but one way and another, I knew a good deal of its inner history.

Here let me say that the "lionising" of the raiders in England fairly staggered men in South Africa.

There, so far from the raiders being looked upon as heroes, they were regarded for the most part as contemptible braggarts who had indelibly disgraced the name of Englishman.

I was in Johannesburg about four months before the Raid, and its coming was freely bragged about in every club and bar. The Boers had spies and secret-service agents everywhere, and if they did not know all about the Raid it was not for want of hearing about it.

I had been invited by the military authorities to keep my ears open, and I rendered a report to the War Office foretelling the Raid. Heaven knows what became of it.

The preparations for the Raid were farcical. A staff officer was sent to Johannesburg to find the best way into it. He did nothing but swell around bragging, and in the end he recommended the worst possible route.

The raiders themselves were coddled for about a fortnight before starting, and many of them were saddle-sore before they had gone fifty miles.

As for the fight itself, it was a lamentable exhibition of funk and incompetence.

The leaders had been quarrelling beforehand as to who was in supreme command, but as soon as the bullets began to fly, each sought to shove the command on to one of the others—and the men were leaderless.

The white flag was hoisted under very little provocation. To put it mildly, about five per cent. of casualties was enough for these filibusters.

Later, during the Matabele Rebellion, I had to take a convoy from Mafeking to Bulawayo. My escort consisted of a mixed force of regulars, ex-Jameson raiders—returned from being fêted in England—and Cape Boys. We had to foot it about 600 miles, for the most part on a sandy track. Owing to the scarcity of water we had a pretty rough time of it—on one occasion having to put in a forced march of nearly forty miles.

It was very cold by night, oppressively hot by day. Our rations were scanty and rough. Altogether there was a good deal to "grouse" about, but the only people who gave me any trouble were the "ex-heroes" of the Raid.

They were insubordinate; they squealed over any hardship; they "groused" from morning to night, and did their best to upset discipline.

At least they did so until I had up the ringleader—a wastrel "Honourable" he was—and told him plainly that if I had any more of his nonsense, I should have him tied to a tree and soundly flogged by the coloured sergeant-major of the Cape Boys.

I added that it was painful for one public-school man to talk to another in this way, but that was my official decision. I said that I was going for a stroll in the bush, and that if he cared to follow, to "discuss" me, I should be pleased, unofficially, to accept the invitation, and there was no more trouble.

Some time after, during a mix-up with the Matabele, I stopped a bullet with my leg, and I have always had a strong suspicion that the shot was fired not by a savage, but by my "honourable" raider, who happened to be in the scrap.

From what I saw of the Jameson Raiders they were competent enough to raid a saloon bar, but not much more. Some of them, of course, were all right, as good fellows and fighters as you could wish to meet, but most of them were gas-bags and shirkers.

Did Cecil Rhodes know about the Raid? It seems incredible that he did not, but I have always felt that if Rhodes had been actively connected with it the Raid would not have been bungled in the way it was.

C. G. BULKELEY.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Kernahan's Bushranger

I.

The incident here set down is one that is rarely recalled in these times in the camp or the smoking-room by members of "B" Squadron of the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry. And the reason that the relation thereof is dropping into obscurity is because there is a heavy fine—the chronicler thinks he is right in putting it at one pound—for as much as pointing a rifle at a man, even in play. The penalty was at first half-a-crown, but, after the "Bushranger" Dickerby incident, it was raised a further seven of the same useful coin.

And "Bushranger" Dickerbys, should any of the cult come into vogue again, are under penalty of being drummed out of the Regiment.

Therefore, not even in play is a man suddenly confronted with the muzzle of a Service rifle, and the words "Hands up!" startle one no longer in the dark of night manœuvring. And thus, nothing recalls the piping times of "Bushranger" Dickerby.

What follows took place in the period which Territorials are wont to term "the old days." It accounts for several things that, read by the stringent regulations as to arms and ammunition holding now, may seem overdrawn.

* * * * * *

Trooper Allan Dickerby came straight from New South Wales to look for something in his line—horsebreaking—in England. Chancing one day, the story ran, to stroll into Liverpool Street Station, he found that a train was due to start for Brermouth within five minutes. Brermouth being in a county famous for its horses, Dickerby thought that it would suit him as well as anywhere else, so he took a ticket. Dickerby himself says that his reasons were by no means so business-like. It seemed that the Prince of Wales had just left by special train for his House in the Country, so that Dickerby did not see why he should not go too!

Be this as it may, the evening found Dickerby establishing a connection in Brermouth in a totally unprofessional, but successful manner. He had arrived at the season when colts were requiring his attention, and without so much as a business card, he presented himself—which was much more of a recommendation than any engraving on large-size pieces of pasteboard. His generous breadth and style of address suited the rough-and-ready-designed owners of unbroken colts around Brermouth, and in two days Dickerby had booked up his time for weeks ahead.

Late on the second night, before he retired to rest, some of the old members of the King's Own drew him into their circle in the smoke-room of the Meteor Hotel, sank into his mind the fact that the King's Own represented, technically, brothers in blood to the New South Wales Lancers and, things moving swiftly in those days, it is said that he was swearing allegiance to the British Crown just as the Boots entered to assist certain of the Old Brigade out—down the tricky oaken stairway that led to the main entrance of the Meteor Hotel!

The Boots reminded him, after breakfast the next morning, that he was a trooper of the King's Own. And Dickerby asked to be supplied with full details. When the Boots finished, he thanked him politely, walked straight into Trooper Stephen's office, saw his own signature to the enlistment form, and began to believe it was really so. Kernahan, whom he liked on sight, added further testimony later in the day and by eight o'clock that night Trooper Dickerby had put in his first recruit's drill without arms.

At 8.10 he was served out with his rifle; at 8.12 he pointed it at Sergeant-Major Brighton, with the remark "Hands up"; at 8.13 he was forgivingly reproved; and by 8.15 his nickname, "Bushranger," bestowed by Kernahan, was established for ever.

According to the fragments of the tale that one is able to gather now from the hazy memory of the Old Brigade, and that, alas! requires a deal of jogging to get at the true facts (Sergeant Hall, you of all others cannot find a shade of inaccuracy in that statement), "Bushranger" Dickerby next came into prominence at a little night ride—a form of squad-coaching popular in those days. It was merely a game of reconnoitring outposts in connection with the "Catshooters" (the Brermouth Cyclists) and, wayside inns being rather more frequently attacked than the enemy, the sport never yet waxed fast or furious.

"Bushranger" Dickerby, after some little time of this sort of thing, began to tire of it. For a considerable period and according to orders, he had waited for the enemy in the rather uncomfortable ambush of a brambly hedgerow, entirely alone.

His comrades knowing him as a man who, since his Meteor Hotel experience, rarely drank anything but the eternal tea beloved of Colonials, had, as a matter of fact, gone to sample the beer which, Dickerby had come to believe, was as tea to the men of the Mother Country. This fact dawning upon him after a protracted wait, Dickerby thought he would make them a little uncomfortable by having some fun entirely on his own.

Now the form that "Bushranger" Dickerby's "fun" took was distinctly of New South Wales and further, of New South Wales at its very earliest.

"They call me Bushranger," laughed Dickerby; "and by George they shall have justification, the skunks!"

He was wearing his bandolier, in which were several live cartridges left over from the last range-firing. They trusted volunteers abroad with firearms in those days and things that were liable to kill. Since then, the Authorities have ordered that little Tommy Terrier's dry-nurse (he is called the Sergeant-Major or Sergeant-Instructor officially) shall see that Tommy Terrier has none of those horrid things that go bang about his person.

But "Bushranger" Dickerby was not subject to these limitations. Thus he took a few live cartridges from his bandolier and put them into the magazine as though ready for firing! How heinous it sounds, no one knows better than the chronicler, and when telling that part of the story, Sergeant Hall's voice is always suitably sepulchral.

Here, then, in the dark, was Trooper Dickerby, a mere man with human impulses and failings, bearing a loaded fire-arm!

The night was of that moonless pitch-blackness that favoured all the escapades of the mail "stickers-up" of old. "Bushranger" Dickerby determined to "hold up" his four faithless comrades on their return, waited for them, intending, as he put it, to just make them jump out of their skins—with a rasping "Hands up! And by George, if a man moves I'll shoot him like a dog!" Added to this Dickerby intended to send a bullet whistling realistically through the air.

The ritual, in a hundred books of boyhood's memories, came back to him, savouring of absolute suitability to the occasion. Then—clock-a-clock, clock-a-clock—the sound of four horsemen trotting along the hard road and coming towards him.

Out stepped Dickerby from the brambles, and the challenge rang out clearly and concisely. In the dark, the amateur "bushranger" saw four pairs of arms raised. This, in itself, should have warned him; this should have made him either apologise or scoot across country for it. . . . The only excuse that can be made for Dickerby is that, used to good horsemen as he was out in the Colonies, it was probably quite credible to him that four average Yeomen would dare to let go of their reins even at the muzzle of the rifle!

The next second he was painfully aware of his mistake. Unknown voices a little tremulously asked to what they owed the pleasure of making his acquaintance, one suggesting that he should take their cash, and let them get on. "Bushranger" Dickerby had no time to correct his error before his four comrades came galloping back and—a providential moon gleamed suddenly out of the clouds!

That moon showed four frightened gentlemen, four Yeomen laughing, and one ex-Colonial a mixture of surprise and apologies.

Naturally enough, an outpost of the "enemy," including Trooper Kernahan, selected this as the second to add themselves to the number who should hear "Bushranger" Dickerby's clumsy explanation.

Let it be said to the credit and sportsmanship of the K.O. men, that they begged of the four gentlemen that no further mention should be made of the incident; but it must be added also that the nervous ones having temporarily possessed themselves of Dickerby's rifle discovered live cartridges in the magazine!

They rode off with vague promises, leaving Trooper Kernahan to inform the rest that at least two of them were particular friends of the Colonel's.

The end, of course, was that a couple of days later found Trooper Dickerby dismissed from the regiment, and full of the impotent rage only to be expected of, in his opinion, the most unjustly treated man in all England!

II.

Sergeant Hall of the Old Brigade, who tells this story, is hazy as to the doings of "Bushranger" Dickerby between this time and camp. He seems to remember that "Bushranger" Dickerby, when he deigned to notice the men of Squadron "B" at all, was a perfect early New South Wales man in his diction. He treated all alike. He confessed to hating them all. He could not understand this method of condemning a man (who had not *fired!*) practically unheard. It branded him, he said, as a highway robber. Again into his remarks came those elementary threats of revenge, to which Englishmen always listen and forget again five minutes after.

In the case of Squadron "B," they may be excused, perhaps, for paying little respect to "Bushranger" Dickerby's threat that he would revenge himself upon the whole Squadron for their seeming apathy at the sentence passed upon him. Kernahan had himself per-

suaded Hall to sign a petition to the Colonel on the subject, but in those days the Colonel could have said "Well, who is Trooper Kernahan?" That young man was hardly out of his recruiting year.

As in all the best plays, a certain period elapses ere the curtain rises on the last act, and then it shows "B" Squadron of the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry pursuing its destiny on the wind-driven sand-hills of the East Coast, thirty miles beyond the base at Brynhilton. To-day of all days, of almost a week's warring, they had fought hardest (theoretically). Their masterly methods of taking every scrap of cover that offers, the caution of their advance, the excellent service of their scouts, the faultless organisation of their transport, has at last brought them within striking distance of the Midshire enemy.

On the wing of the combined army of Blankshire, to them is to be delivered the honour of cutting up the flank of the enemy—a strong point that the most brassy of umpires cannot deny them.

They are coming along cautiously, at a walk, in half-sections with scouts flung out on either flank, and signallers on the side of one of the two long hills, between which they are about to pass on to the victory that must await them beyond the little sandy valley.

At the head of that Squadron, after the Major, comes Sergeant Hall abreast of a bronzed, very young, and very happy Trooper Kernahan.

Their conversation is only of the wonderful trap in which they have caught the Invaders.

They are galumphing before the umpires have written down the victory to them; they are indulging in the ancient practice of counting their chickens before they are hatched. Then, from the signallers, comes much excited flag-waving.

"Good heavens!" says Sergeant Hall suddenly. "Surely we've not been ambuscaded."

"We have, by George!" exclaims Trooper Kernahan. "If that's not the hint to keep back, call me a Scandinavian!"

An immediate halt is called, and the signallers with the Squadron ask a question of the men on the hill.

The answer, perhaps, would have been surprising to all, had it not been for the Major's field-glasses, which clearly showed a man, and that man no other than Dickerby (Dickerby attired Boer-wise with a bandolier slung over his lounge jacket and bearing the rifle that no one had noticed he had not returned to store) by the side of the signallers.

The flags waved again, jerkily. They were not then experts at their occupation. Yet, as they took particular pains with this message, for reasons apparent as they were pressing, the message was easy to read, and pieced together is as follows:

"*Bushranger Dickerby presents his compliments to the officers and men of Squadron 'B.' They may take his word that the first man who attempts to pass between the hills will be shot.*"

The Major's action was swift. He was, as he said, taking no chances with a mad-brained Colonial. The Major, good man, was not going to risk one of his "boys."

"Hang me," exclaimed Kernahan as they scuttled, classically, under good cover, "if that isn't the way to resent a little injustice practically!"

"Scandalous, isn't it?" observed a young man, who, seeing that there was a real bullet within six hundred yards of him, rather wished he had never seen an attestation form.

"Not likely," said Kernahan. "These blighters want their point of view altered a bit sometimes. Dickerby doesn't visit the sins of the Squadron upon one man. He includes the blinkin' lot. He does not understand, however, that a man carrying a bullet in a rifle is considered incapable of thought by the Authorities."

"Well, after all some of 'em *are*," said Sergeant Hall. Once—and only once—he had superintended a recruit's shooting course.

"But in the Bushranger's case," said Kernahan, "how very different it is! A man like that could walk about with dynamite in both boots. It was scandalous to treat him like a kid."

The aforesaid very young man made use of a sudden shift on Kernahan's part to get better into cover. The gorse-patched hillside stretched before them. . . .

Sergeant Hall had said something to the Major.

"Oh, no," said the officer. "Oh, dear no. We must wait to see whether he goes away. If not there's nothing for it but to retreat. you *must* see *my* position, Hall!"

Sergeant Hall emphatically did, which accounts for the fact that Kernahan did not ask the permission that the Major had refused Hall—but a quarter of an hour later found him wriggling snake-like towards the signallers and their captor. A very long forty minutes, and growing both bolder and swifter, he lay behind a clump of gorse within ten yards of his man.

Trooper Stephen, one of the signallers, had wondered for some time what the Squadron were doing. He had seen them disappear behind the arm of the hill. He had rather expected Kernahan or Hall to come to the rescue. For an hour the New South Wales man had laid down his side of the case to his captives, and the situation had become rather wearying.

Then—to this day Kernahan does not know how he managed to throw it so accurately—a small stone the size of a pea hit Stephen just on the back of his cap.

"Kernahan!" thought Stephen, and preserved a rigid demeanour.

"What's that?" exclaimed "Bushranger" Dickerby. "I heard something."

"Plenty of rabbits about here," said Stephen. He pointed to a clump of gorse in front of them.

"There!" he said.

"We shall have some sport at last then!" exclaimed Dickerby, laughing and bringing his rifle up to his shoulder.

A second later, Trooper Kernahan had sprung upon him.

"Sport is right!" said he, picking up Dickerby's rifle coolly. "And if you don't trek sharp that way, at the double, you'll be the rabbit, Dickerby! Advance Australia—quick!"

The form of ex-Trooper Dickerby was a dot far down the opposite side of the hill when Trooper Stephen signalled:

"*Trooper Kernahan presents his compliments to the officers and men of 'B' Squadron. The way is clear.*"

SOME FUTILE LAWS.

Has it ever struck you that a great many laws are passed which are absolutely futile—in the sense that it is impossible to prevent their being broken with impunity?

One of these is that relating to the Black List, which, as most of our readers will remember, caused considerable public interest some years ago. From time to time every publican is furnished by the police with some sheets of printed matter, describing, with photographs, certain people who are not to be served in their houses. But, as a publican recently observed to the writer, it is impossible to recollect the particulars furnished; so that those "black-listed" people are served practically wherever they go.

Another futile law is that prohibiting children under sixteen to be served with tobacco. It is broken every day.

ECHOES OF GREAT FIGHTS

III.—TOM SAYERS v. THE TIPTON SLASHER

A case of David versus Goliath over was the great fight on June 16, 1857, Tom Sayers, of Brighton, and the Slasher," the then Heavy-weight of England.

The "Slasher"—William Perry was his name, and he hailed from the Black —was a heavy-weight, and no mistake.

He stood 6ft. 1in. in his socks, and when trained to a hair, 14st. 2lb.

He had lost all his upper front teeth if artificial substitutes were then known had not spent any of his winnings on His face was seamed with scars, and his legs was crooked, though he could about on it with surprising and disconcerting agility.

Tom Sayers was a bluff, bulldog chap, tremendously powerful in the thanks to a youth spent as a bricklayer, he was a mere shrimp compared with the terrible "Slasher."

Sayers stood about 5ft. 8in. and, on day of the fight, he pulled the beam more than 10st. 8lb. Therefore, he was away about 5in. in height and some 50lb. weight.

The "Slasher" could hit like a hammer, but Tom had a "punch" in him.

Indeed, when in the first round he the "Slasher" one on the nose, the big was not only physically, but mentally gered, amazed that a "little 'un" could so hard.

The fight was a curious one. It hardly be fair to the poor old "Slasher" say that it was altogether a triumph of gence over brute force, for the "Slasher" was no mere slogger. He had considerable ringcraft, and when the ring was first pitched by the river, after having once been broken up by the "peelers," he stepped into it with a definite and excellent plan of campaign.

His idea was to stand still and let the man wear himself out in unavailing efforts to get past that long and mighty "left." But the "Slasher" stuck to his plan, Sayers would never have been in it. But, unfortunately for himself, the "Slasher" had a quixotic streak in him.

When he saw his diminutive antagonist mingled scorn and pity filled his heart, and determined to take the little man on at his own game of agility, and he went after Tom instead of waiting for Tom to come to him.

As well might he have chased a shadow or tried to put salt on the tail of a swallow.

Tom led the "Slasher" a merry dance round the ring and soon had him puffing and blowing. The "Slasher" took an "easy," and then, like lightning, Tom sprang in and back the "Slasher" reeled from an awful jab on the nose.

That one punch practically settled the fight. It made the "Slasher" angry, and when a man loses his temper in the ring he is done for, nine times out of ten.

In vain the "Slasher's" seconds urged him to stand still and wait for Tom. The big man was cross, and he had some muddled idea that it would be "undignified" to rely on his superior reach, weight, and strength.

Once and only once did the "Slasher" get one home, and Tom went down like a felled bullock. But the blow had landed too high, and Tom came up to time smiling.

The ninth round found the "Slasher" so terribly battered that even the crowd cried "Take him away!" Blinded, reeling, his face a horrid mask of blood, the "Slasher" would not hear of giving in, but his seconds threw up the sponge for him, and Tom Sayers stood Champion of England.

H. H. Fanen

HOW TO SPEND THE LUNCH HOUR

THINGS TO SEE AND THINGS TO DO.

"It's your move, Fred."

And pasty-faced Fred slowly pushes forward a draughtsman with a long, bony finger. Relics of a cigarette hang from his lips, and a lukewarm cup of coffee rests at his elbow. The hour has nearly expired, and the two men are finishing the last game, before returning to their office work.

Victims of ill-health, they regularly spend the most valuable hour of the day in the stuffy smokeroom of a tea shop, imbibing coffee to smoke and cold coffee. In the interests of an uninteresting game of draughts—rendered playable by the fact that the stakes are for the lunches—they grumble about their jobs and grouse about everything before returning to their work unhappy and discontented.

WHEN IN LONDONER.

Suddenly a motor-'bus passes swiftly by. On the front seat sits a young man who is evidently taking advantage of what fresh air the City has to offer. He is content and happy; he has had a quick lunch, and is now getting the full enjoyment of a good blow before returning to his indoor office routine.

It is an unfortunate fact that the average Londoner will sit in a stuffy room or will walk along a crowded thoroughfare, railing against a Providence that has imprisoned him in a city of smoke, smell and dust, and will rarely think of paying twopence for an invigorating "livener" on a racing motor-'bus, or he would consider the possibilities of a ride on the water across the Thames.

FIT.

Once a day a week, why not try the motor-'bus ride and walk back? Winter is fast approaching, and with it comes a fresher atmosphere. The rush through the air sends the blood coursing through the veins, and makes the cheeks tingle with a hearty glow. The walk back will be taken with gusto—if you happen to be five minutes behind time and have to hurry, so much the better—and the man who spends his odd half-hour in this way will return to work feeling incalculably fitter than his brother who believes in what he calls warmth, but what is really stuffy and impure air.

The man who is feeling fit will do good work, and, despite what is said to the contrary, good work is well paid, so that the lunch-hour from a point of vital importance to the man who studies his pocket—that is, to every man in London to-day.

WAYS OF ACKNOWLEDGING YOUR RELIGION.

Sometimes, it is pleasant to take an old friend to a restaurant, indulging in a delightful luncheon, and enjoying the quiet exchange of your views with his. The meal will cost you a little more than you are in the habit of expending, but if you enjoy yourself you are none the poorer.

Or you may have a taste for art; then spend an occasional half-hour in the National Gallery or in viewing the Wallace Collection. Critics may profess to "do" these places in fifteen minutes, but there are galleries containing enough matter to interest you with the slightest artistic desires, for as many mid-day half-hours as he can afford to devote to the study.

Perhaps you are one of those men who are afraid of acknowledging their belief in Deity. A good deal has been written concerning the emptiness of the City churches. An occasional fifteen minutes spent for religion's sake will never be regretted. A certain class of person—I will not say man—would no doubt ridicule the idea of church in the week-day. He follows society to church on Sundays, and thinks of nothing but worldly matters for the remaining six days of the week. You may lose such a person's "friendship." If so, it is well lost.

LOAFING AROUND ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

The morning's work has been stiff, and you are feeling "done up." The idea of taking active exercise may not appeal to you, so London provides open spaces, parks, and gardens for your benefit. If you happen to be buried in the heart of the City, St. Paul's Churchyard will prove a haven of refuge.

Here, you may watch with amusement the youths who, day after day, lean against the windows of the large draper's where they are employed. Every farthing they possess goes on gaudy attire, and their lunch hour is devoted solely to the exciting sport of eyeing every good-looking girl who passes.

Of course, it is taken for granted that, before you commence reading hints on the spending of a lunch hour you have seen such regular "sights" as the Tower and the Abbey. It is a Londoner's duty to know all about his own city and to be in a position to boast of his possessions. No man runs down his own furniture, yet you may stand outside St. Paul's and listen to depreciating remarks from your fellow-citizens concerning the finest city of the world.

SOMETHING FOR EVERY DAY.

Whether you are engaged in the City or in the West-End there is something for you to see.

How many people, for instance, have a thorough knowledge of the wonders of our great Museum?

Another good idea is to buy sandwiches, board one of the boats now running on the river, and visit Greenwich; possibly you might have to ask for a little extra time on the day you adopt this suggestion.

Again, it is pleasant to leave the bustle of the City, and to seek comparative solitude in the fascinating old courts of the Temple, which, for the lover of links with the past, is a happy hunting ground.

Finally, if you have seen all the sights, visited every picture-gallery, have no money left, and don't feel religious, just take a walk. Watch the faces of the ever-moving stream of humanity and try to solve the stories written upon them. Note the small hands and still aristocratic air of a poor old man trying to sell matches; try to think where can be his family—his children—who can have left him in such wretchedness. Every face has a tale to tell the man who is ready to study it.

A. DONNELLY AITKEN.

SPORTING FANATICS.

SOME MODERN TYPES OF MONO-MANIACS.

Our most notorious sporting fanatic, perhaps, is the betting lunatic, the idiot who isn't happy unless he backs several horses a day.

He, however, is not a sportsman, he is certainly as weak in the head as he generally is in the knees.

But there are plenty of men, real live men, to all appearance sane in mind and body, who become obsessed by some sport or game to the verge of imbecility.

Golf is often fatally attractive in this way. My friend Johnson (the name is purely fictitious) was a hard-headed, successful business man, an excellent husband and father, and a pleasant companion until his doctor recommended him to play golf for the sake of his liver.

Johnson took the advice somewhat unkindly, for as an old Rugby player he condemned golf as an "old man's game," but in a few days the golf fever had him, and it has never left him; never, I am sure, will leave him.

His business has gone to the deuce, for it now comes in a very bad second to golf. His unhappy wife seldom sees him, and on the whole she is glad. Johnson will never be a good player, but the devilish fascination of golf is that even the worst of players has his moments of greatness.

Occasionally Johnson returns from his golf wildly elated, and incapable of coherent speech beyond the fact that he "did the eleventh in three." More usually, however, he regains his home in a savage temper or in the blackest of gloomy sulks.

Formerly, the Johnson family took their holidays at some lively seaside place where there were bands and concert parties, fêtes, and all manner of attractions, and Johnson bathed with his kids in the morning and trotted his wife out in the afternoon and evening.

Nowadays, they are dragged to some dead-and-alive hole, which, however, has fine links on which Johnson spends his time from morn to eve.

The walls of Johnson's house have been denuded of their pictures and engravings to make room for photos of famous golfers and diagrams of strokes, and if you sit down in a chair you probably sit on a ball with which Johnson has been practising putting on the carpet.

Cricket has its ultra-enthusiasts. They will sit through a three-day match from start to finish, scarcely ever moving from their seat, lunching off sandwiches, and laboriously recording every run and every ball in a little book. They will turn up on a pouring wet day in the faint hope of play and hang about for hours on the chance of seeing a ball bowled.

The cricket fanatic is usually quiet and well-behaved, the football lunatic is generally the reverse. He roars and bellows, and on occasion weeps.

His chief characteristic, however, is the amount of discomfort he will endure to see the game that obsesses him.

Shooting, hunting, fishing, mountaineering, rowing, tennis, rinking—every sport and game has its unhappy fanatics.

I say "unhappy" because these men have lost self-control, all sense of proportion; they are as much the slaves of a particular sport or game as some men are of drink or gambling. They have no rational interest in life because their outlook is bounded on every side by an irrational passion.

The man who gets the best out of sport is he who enjoys it in moderation, and never allows it to poach on the more serious things of life.

GEORGE WHITECHURCH.

FISHING LAW

THINGS THAT THE FISHERMAN MAY AND MAY NOT DO.

One of the chief points that worry the casual angler who is not too well versed in the legal side of the gentle art, is the question of close times.

These are divided into three parts, dealing with

(*a*) Salmon and migratory trout.
(*b*) Trout.
(*c*) Fresh-water coarse fish.

On the whole, however, the regulations concerning fresh-water fish are so subject to local alteration as to be in a state of hopeless confusion; though the general rules can be briefly stated as follows: For salmon, the close time is from September 1 to February 1, for trout from October 1 to February 1, for fresh-water fish from March 15 to June 15, unless, in the latter case, there is a local variation.

NO "RIGHT OF PRECEDENT."

It is interesting to note, too, that in Scotland there is no close time for trout.

As regards fishing rights, these are identical practically with those on the subject of sporting over land. It is a fairly safe rule to regard water (for fishing purposes) as so much *land* covered with water.

In waters that are not tidal, the soil is held to belong to the owner of the adjoining bank; and his rights are the same as if there were no water on it.

You are, therefore, committing a technical trespass if you go on that water in a boat, or if you attempt to take fish from it.

By the way, some people think that a public right to fish can be maintained by a long-established precedent; but this is an error. However long a landlord may have allowed the public to fish his waters, he can withdraw that permission at any time, whether the river be navigable or not.

PUBLIC FISHING.

But if it be both navigable and subject to the regular flow of the tide, in other words, if the soil is the public property of the Crown, the public may fish in it.

Thus it will be seen that there is very little public fishing in this country. If you want to fish, you must either obtain permission from the owner of the water, or buy or rent fishing rights.

What is more, the law also interests itself in the *way* in which you take fish. Whereas, if you have a game licence, you can legally kill a hare by knocking it on the head with a stick, you cannot even kill the fish you yourself have bred, unless you do it in a special way.

FORBIDDEN BY LAW.

For instance, it is illegal to use a fixed instrument to take salmon; and the size of the net that may be used is, in a great many cases, prescribed by local legislation. Spearing salmon, trout, or char is against the law, for these fish can only be taken with a legally licensed instrument.

With regard chiefly to coarse fishing, in which the general public are interested to the greatest extent, there is a very common fallacy that if a road crosses a river, or runs along its bank, the public may fish from the road or the bridge. They are only allowed to use the bridge or the road for the purpose of proceeding along it; and to fish from either would be tantamount to entering upon the property of another person without permission.

But there is one case in which an angler is justified in going into another man's water, to seek for the quarry he has hooked.

This is when he has hooked a fish, and while playing it, has been compelled to follow it into his neighbour's water.

S. Jarrow.

PHYSICAL CULTURE AND CO-OPERATION.

PRACTICAL HINTS BY THOMAS INCE, STRONGEST MAN IN BRITAIN.

The old saying, "unity is strength," is true with regard to keeping the body as strong and healthy as it is when applied to other matters.

Many men are absolutely discouraged, give up all attempts to perfect their bodily form, simply because they receive no sympathy from those with whom they live and work.

The opponents of physical culture view the idea as new, and demand that it be abandoned as a "fool's dream," forgetting in their haste that everything great was once new, and that some of the most clever inventions were once sneered at, but have since become mighty forces in the world.

The object of this article is to encourage those readers who feel that they have to contend with opposition in their endeavours to practise the systematic search for health. Your position is the same as many others, in hundreds of villages all over the world at the present time, and a few are struggling manfully, by word and by example, to preach the gospel of health.

The thought of this should act as a spur to you and stir you up to renewed efforts. Do not practise your exercises in secret and be ashamed of the subject of physical exercise in your association—to do so, would be individualism. Rather endeavour step by step to gain the co-operation of those about you.

Insist on plenty of fresh air both at home and in your business. Always sleep with your bedroom window open. Indulge, as frequently as your time will permit in outdoor games and athletic sports, such as running, rowing, cycling, cricket, football, and tennis. Walking should be practised every day—it is essential to good health. Spend at least two hours daily in the open air—wet or fine.

The second essential is a daily bath. A cold bath should be taken each morning, followed by a brisk massage of the muscles with a pair of rough flesh gloves or rough towel. A warm bath, as being more cleansing, should be taken once a week. Too many warm baths are weakening to the system.

The third essential is a carefully arranged diet. Over-eating is almost as bad for the body as over-drinking; meat should not be taken more than once a day. Fresh vegetables are necessary and should be partaken of daily. Combined with fruit, they cleanse and purify the blood and keep the skin free from spots and blemishes.

Intoxicants should be avoided. Pure cocoa and milk are the best and safest drinks.

Regarding systems or forms of exercise, these, of course, vary according to a person's constitution, defects or the previous amount of physical culture work done.

There can be no fixed rule laid down as to the amount of exercise with dumb-bells and dumb-bells or weights to be undertaken by each man. Individuality must here come in, and the peculiarities of each man's physical make-up must be taken into consideration.

Although distinctions must be made in regard to the amount of actual exercise taken, and the method in which it is taken, the great ideal of co-operation remains.

It is only by strong co-operation and fellowship in this great work, that the world will be led to see the importance and value of physical culture, too often condemned as practised only by the faddist.

Example is always more forcible than precept, and, therefore, I urge you to work with ten-fold vigour your efforts to secure health and strength.

Thomas Ince.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain many thousands of potential friends who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, The Modern Man, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

The League Badge (Actual size)

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of The Modern Man League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

MADRELLA PARK ROAD

By H. C. HOLMES.

I believe that there exist in London at the present time many societies for the preservation of the morals of the precious youth of that City. I believe also that according to their lights, they imagine they are sowing seed on good ground. Be this ever so true, yet the cast of their sowers does not extend to Madrella Park Road nor to the Madrella Roads that by other names are scattered all over suburban London.

Now, the case of "35" is only typical. It is three years since I was one of its company, but the impression remains clear—and always under-rated that no one more thoroughly enjoyed all which "35" had to offer than I did at the time.

I do not pose as a moralist. My *status* in this matter is that of a recorder of fact, that may be helpful by the one per cent. of level-headed young men who listen to the voice of experience and are willing to dispense with what is known as their "fling."

To the ninety-nine per cent. who intend to do something of the sort, the inside of "35" that I propose to show them will be, perhaps, interesting. Armed with that preliminary, and a regret that the fear of libel does not allow me to call Madrella Park Road by its proper name, I will proceed to business.

* * * * * *

I was fresh to London. I did not know Piccadilly Circus from the Bow Road except by actual sight.

But I was of the class that to-day rules London and is provincial. I had been taken into a big warehouse in the vicinity of Wood Street—selected from many London applicants because the London employer knows that the provincial comes up with the fighting spirit in him. He has to make a place for himself in London or starve.

How many provincial young men once taking a situation in London ever go back to the Provinces again? Very few—unless they happen to drop down a Madrella Park Road.

Now, I saw the advertisement first of all in one of the evening papers. It seemed that 35, Madrella Park Road possessed all the virtues common to boarding-houses of its class.

It had the much advertised bath-room (h. and c.). It was within ten minutes of the station. The terms were moderate. The district being in easy reach of the open spaces of London, it suited me; and wasting no time, I went down to see this from home that same night.

I was surprised to find that it actually was within ten minutes of the station—by tram—I began to hope better things than had been prophesied broadly of boarding-houses, by my fellow workers who lived in the bosom of their families.

The house stood back, one of a terrace of houses that all had pretty gardens in front of them, and reminded me of the middle-class residential quarters of the Midland town from which I came. The door was opened by a maid who, learning my mission, obligingly conducted me to the matron of the boarding-house. She received me most politely, informed me of the moderate terms, and, further, conducted me to a little bedroom at the top of the house which, for an amount per week slightly in excess of what I was prepared to pay, taking in consideration the fares to the City, etc., could be mine.

Had I been altogether dependent on what I earned from my job at that moment, I should have been obliged to step out into Madrella Park Road again, but the possession of a little capital and a small income, the interest of funds held in trust for me until I should reach years of discretion, allowed me to think the matter over.

"All our young gentlemen," said the landlady, "are quite sociable. Perhaps you would like to meet them?"

She conducted me downstairs into the dining-room from which the evening repast had been cleared away, and I saw for the first time those who were destined to be my friends and influences, for good or ill, in my private life in London.

There were four of them variously lolling about.

On the sofa Cherkettle, of one of the West-End banks, was deep in something of Victoria Cross's. Grover, at the table, was writing love letters, and asking at intervals for "something so-so, but delicate," from Pashley, the Anglo-Indian law student, who was versed in these compositions, and edited the love letters of the house. Grover's latest conquest, it turned out, was a pretty little shop-girl from a local emporium.

Then I turned to the fourth occupant of the room for the final introduction—and found that the formality was unnecessary, for this was dear old Teddy Strakan, a young man of my own county, who had been popular in the seeming long ago days when we were at school together in our native town! Teddy, I remembered, had always been the man to stand up for the question-bombarded new boy, and I was glad, because I felt sure that he would extend his protection to me—a newcomer into the bigger school of London.

I was so far delighted that I asked to be allowed to start my occupation forthwith. I sat down immediately to write a letter home, and within a few minutes the maid was bearing to the corner pillar-box my expression of delight at thus blundering on to a man who knew me and also a request that my trunks might be sent on to 35, Madrella Park Road at once.

This duty over, I picked up the evening paper. The clock then struck 10 p.m.

"Sh!" said Teddy Strakan suddenly. I had not noticed that silence was required.

I put down the paper.

"Do you have to be quiet after ten?" I asked in a whisper.

Pashley nodded and smiled broadly.

"You'll learn," he said. How true that was of so many things!

Five minutes passed in complete silence.

"I *think* I heard her going upstairs," said Teddy.

"Better call Annette in and make sure," said Pashley, cautiously. "This place is quite all right for me—and I don't think it policy to upset the old lady."

"Her yarns about the respectability of her late husband *are* somewhat worn," Strakan commented, "but, as you say, other shops mightn't be so exclusive."

Someone touched a bell, and there entered—Annette.

But this was an entirely new Annette, it seemed to me, from the girl who had answered the door. The cap she wore was more dainty; her apron, in the language of the fashion papers, was distinctly *chic*, and I noticed for the first time that she was decidedly pretty.

She came in, full of many little giggles, and crossing to Strakan gave me the first shock of the evening by leaning over him and shamelessly kissing him.

And, I might add, that the little back-kick of delight she gave as she performed this most pleasant of operations, revealed to me the reason why everyone in the provinces averred that the wages of servants in London were high.

No wonder they wanted big money when silken hosiery was a *sine quâ non!*

"Saucy, saucy!" said Pashley, in bantering tones. "Come—serve us all alike, Annette!"

This word was productive of kisses all round. I fear that, with the bashfulness of the young man new to the ways of London, I blushed and proved myself the novice to the business that I was—for in the provinces I had been a very serious young man noted for my anxiousness to "get on" and, somehow, I had never striven to make myself popular with any damsel in particular.

At that moment, I regretted that I lacked the necessary experience, for I distinctly fuddled Annette's caress and caught her awkwardly on the cheek when it was up to me to return the compliment.

"Why, there!" she exclaimed. "I must teach you the way, sir. . . . So! . . . On the lips. That's the London way!"

At the time, I remember, I felt my face burning and my ears tingling—but already I was thinking that 35, Madrella Park Road was no end of a doggy place.

"Old girl gone to bed, of course?" said Strakan. "Well boys, what's it to be?"

"Not roulette," said Pashley, firmly. "I must get to bed early to-night. I'm a bit tired. Haven't been to bed on the evening of the same morning I got up for months."

"There are five of us now," said Strakan. "Make it nap. Annette, get the whisky and the syphons, there's a dear."

Annette obliged accordingly, and drank my health as the new chum with some enthusiasm and very little soda.

"Dish 'em round," said Pashley, as the deal fell by cut to Strakan.

"Right," said my old friend, and proceeded with the deal.

The last card had fallen, when Annette rose from her seat on the corner of the table whence she had been eyeing me in the manner that Pashley would have called "saucy."

"Nice boy, isn't he, Annette?" said Strakan. "They breed 'em like that in our county. . . . Got plenty of money, too. Bet your old family lawyers didn't send little Precious up here broke, did they?" he added, smiling at me.

"Oh, no!" I said, and somehow I felt *grateful* to Strakan for thus proclaiming me a young man of substance in a tone that also suggested I was something of a "nut."

How much I came to regret it when it was all over is no matter.

I see now Annette's witching smile as she looked at me.

"Hang it," said Strakan, suddenly. "You aren't going to desert us all for the new man, are you?"

"You silly!" said Annette, in non-committal fashion.

"I want to whisper to you," said Strakan.

"Oh, do buck up," Pashley put in, testily. "You know I'm going to turn in early."

Strakan disengaged himself from Annette.

"We'll make it *very* early," he said. "*Au revoir*, Annette."

Thus we finished playing that night at half-past eleven o'clock, the only time within the memory of Pashley that such a "call-off" had been general.

The next night it *was* roulette. Our matron, who was, by dispensation of a fortune that favoured the wicked, deaf, beamed upon me over the dinner-table and voiced her gratification that her "little family" (we bowed) were not as others were.

They liked to return early and enjoy a peaceful evening at home. The hypocrites, I remember, even entertained the homely little

BOARD AND RESIDENCE

soul to a game of whist, and, to her immense delight, allowed her to win, the two against her—Pashley and Strakan—pleading that they were "not used to cards." In support of this statement, they made ill-use of their trumps, so that the matron's "long suit" which she had husbanded so cunningly, "made."

Poor little matron!—when cards were perchance found in odd corners after one of our "special evenings" she always believed that we had been practising to become her equal in the art and science of the game of whist!

Those special evenings at Madrella Park Road! When a night's hard work has made me loth to rise in the morning, their memory haunts me. I remember my leaden eyelids, my dazed, vacant head as, after a cold dip to pull myself together, I staggered sleepily downstairs to breakfast—those stairs that I had climbed in the light of that very day but two hours before, sometimes not that!

Gradually I found that my brain, which refused to work both night and day, gave it up after lunch, and sometimes my fellow-workers would find me asleep among the bales I had been sent to check in the basement.

Yet, was I going to be so weak as to turn on those fellows and say, "Look here, I'm going to give this idiocy up!" Oh, no. As ever, those "special evenings" went on.

Pashley being a "student," it did not much matter to him. Strakan had a fine billet as traveller for a noted firm of chocolate-makers of world-wide reputation. The man who drove his brougham in the City was accommodating and did not mind waiting a couple of hours at a price, and Cherkettle's hours, as he was in a bank, were not so heavy as mine. In fact, Grover, the engineering-valuer's clerk, was the only man similarly affected to me.

It is in relation particularly to him that I recall one special night. He arrived late, but he put in an appearance at ten, a little unsteady, perhaps—but Grover was on brandy, so that was nothing to be wondered at.

Strakan had the bank that evening, and Grover punted in small gold—heavy punting for us, as our plunges were limited by our pockets to small silver.

Grover lost and won it back intermittently, but he could never get ahead and play with the banker's money. When we finished at 3 a.m., as agreed, Grover insisted on one last spin. He had been losing, so that Strakan granted his request.

He lost.

I saw him draw himself up.

"Last bit of family plate—in the world!" he said, a little tragically. "They sacked me—for general incompetence—to-day!"

Strakan's action was swift. He had won heavily. If Grover would go home the next day, he said he would settle his bill, buy his ticket, and lend him five pounds into the bargain. (Broken men were no use at "35".) Grover closed with the offer. We all saw him into the Newcastle train. He was the first of us to make the exodus from Madrella Park Road.

Need I go into further details? Shall I tell you of how Pashley was ploughed in his exam.; how Cherkettle was not prosecuted for theft because the bank knew his people; how the chocolate firm discovered that Strakan—my brave Strakan—had collected accounts and failed to go through the formality of entering them in his returns?

Finally, need I relate the incident which, although my fellow-workers thought it humorous, was not so to me—the occasion in fact, upon which the manager fished me out of a back-stacked bale of ladies' spencers direct from Manchester, whereon I had been sleeping?

From those of you who live in Madrella Park Road houses, I hear the answer "No. Too stale! Too stale!"

A VARIETY ARTISTE'S DRESSER

SOME STRANGE DUTIES THAT FALL TO HIS LOT.

In the big music-hall the evening is wearing merrily on. The bill is plentifully studded with stars, and the crowded audience shows signs of increasing enjoyment as each successive number goes up. They are all merry and light-hearted, waiting serenely for the big turn of the evening.

That is the prevailing spirit on one side of the curtain; but how different it is from that on the other. There, everybody is ill-at-ease, infected by the evident agitation of the perspiring stage-manager. Bob Rednose, the famous comedian, is down as the next turn, and he has not turned up.

Every second the stage-manager sends messengers out to see if the comedian's car is in sight, and each comes back with the same answer: "Not to be seen."

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

Then, just as the bioscope is going to be put on before its time, a great car swings into the narrow street and draws up at the stage-door.

The long-expected comedian, a quaint figure, dressed and made up ready to go on, rushes through the swing-doors towards the stage, closely followed by his faithful "dresser."

What he would do without his "dresser," is a problem that no variety artiste would care to think about. The latter's duties are so many and varied that they are not to be compared with those of his colleague of the "legitimate" stage. The only suitable name to give him is a "factotum."

"Dressing," indeed, is only an insignificant item in his evening's work. First of all, he dashes down into the gloomy realms below the stage, to distribute his master's "band-parts" to the orchestra. Then he rushes up again to stand by in the little changing-room that is situated in the wings.

LOOKS AFTER THE EXCHEQUER.

Though every artiste is provided with a properly-fitted dressing-room upstairs, in which to wait for his turn or to make up (if the hall in question is the first at which he is appearing), there is, of course, no time between songs for him to go there and change his costume, say, from a comic tramp to a ditto policeman, and, therefore, there is always a little cubby-hole "at the side" in which such changes can be rapidly effected.

Here the dresser waits while his master sings his first song, and has everything in readiness for the "change": pair of baggy trousers, wig, false moustache, and a stick or two of paint for a rapid touch of colour.

The variety artiste's dresser, too, is his master's purser. The artiste, as a rule, has no money about with him, but hands his dresser before starting out on his rounds of theatres a sum which he considers sufficient for his needs that night. For instance, the doorkeeper comes up to the comedian with the message that somebody is waiting at the door with a "small account." His employer, the amount, howls for his dresser, and sends him out to pay it.

The dresser is expected to know his master's songs, "business," and patter as well as, if not better than, the comedian himself. The obvious object of this is that he may be able to prompt his employer in case the latter should "get stuck." If it had not been for the timely whispers of his dresser behind the wings, a well-known specialist in tongue-twisting choruses would have suffered many a painful pleasant momentary lapse of memory.

Have you ever cracked your sides with laughter over the deliciously humorous comments and sallies of repartee between the comedian and some person in the wings? You have; but you have not probably troubled to conjecture who the invisible humorist was. He was the dresser.

KEEPING OFF THE CALLERS.

Not the least useful part of the dresser's nightly duties is keeping off undesirable callers. Angry "duns," insatiable interviewers, enterprising song-writers and their specialists, not to mention scores of stage-struck young men and maidens who want the comedian to use his influence to get them a "trial turn," these are the average variety artiste's bugbears.

So the dresser has to go out and see them and keep them at bay, until the comedian's turn is over and he can slip out by the stage-door that admits to the front of the house.

On one occasion, however, a visitor—a very famous comic singer was so persistent that the latter's dresser had to put on his coat, smear his face with grease paint so that it was unrecognisable, put on a wig, and go out and impersonate his employer.

E. W. LOCKE

THE UBIQUITOUS REPORTER

Most of us would be mightily incensed if our favourite morning or evening paper ever failed to provide us, as heretofore, with the breathless items of news which add zest to our breakfast or lighten the tedium of the journey home from work in the tram or 'bus.

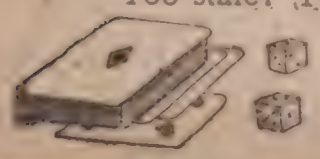
But how many of us are duly grateful or sufficiently appreciative of, the unsung reporter for his efforts towards this end? The great majority of us, indeed, forget his existence.

Yet if there is a tram smash on the road, and there are any casualties of consequence, the reporter is there almost as soon as the doctor. He watches the work of rescue, writes it up in graphically descriptive phraseology, ascertains the names and confessions of the sufferers, and interviews the driver as to how it happened.

Does the King or some other exalted person go to a public exhibition or entertainment, lo! the reporter is there. He sees sorts of things that would be unseen by the ordinary spectators, but which will amuse them considerably for all that.

Has a sensational crime been committed? The reporter is on the spot working as hard, and often more cleverly, than the detectives.

Brutal? Well, perhaps he is. But he is a journalist first and a man afterwards.



Schooling Steeplechasers

DESCRIBING THE TRAINER'S WORKING DAY.

By the time these lines are in print, the steeplechasing season of 1910-11 will be well under way; and whereas the trainer who has charge solely of flat-racing horses will be able to enjoy a period of comparative peace, his colleague whose stable includes jumpers will be having a very busy time.

For the benefit of those who are not versed in the inner workings of a racing stable—and there are not so many people who are—we are giving a short summary of the duties that fall to the lot of a trainer of 'chasers.

Most people have formed the opinion that it consist almost entirely of going out in the morning on a well-broken cob, inspecting the string at exercise, deciding which are to be tried, which to gallop, and which are to do their work over hurdles. In the afternoon, according to popular opinion, he strolls round the stable with his head lad; and the rest of the day he puts in at the enjoyable business of simply coining money by means of the "good" opportunities which fall to his lot of knowing what is going to win."

A MISTAKEN IDEA.

But, as a matter of fact, this happy picture is not at all true to life in every particular.

Probably, after having been kept awake half the night by conjectures as to whether it will be safely able to proceed with the work of the day, the Steeplechase candidate, who moved so well at gallop yesterday with a markedly improved stride, he drops off into troubled slumbers.

But he is soon wakened again by the anguish tintinnabulation of his alarm-clock. It is time to get up for exercise.

The weather is distinctly dispiriting. A drizzle is falling, and the air has the raw chill of an autumn morning in it, as he rides out to gallop that steeplechaser again. He is going to give him a couple of miles on the flat, and over a mile over fences; but as the horse leaves him he hears an ominous sound. Was it a whistle?

EARLY MORNING WORRIES.

He questions the boy, a stupid fifteen-year-old, who didn't hear anything. But the trainer is not convinced. He mounts the animal himself, and canters him lightly for a few yards or so. That is enough. The horse does make a "noise." There is more trouble ahead.

Breakfast, when he gets it, is not made a very enjoyable function by his perusal of the racing papers; for he reads that in the opinion, a horse that he ran in a race on the previous day "had obviously been pushed to death." He knew the horse to be "in the pink"; and his temper is ruffled.

He is by no means soothed by the "Calendar," which affords the information that two of his horses have been handicapped for forthcoming race to stand no chance against one or two from rival stables, which have been simply "thrown in."

Bah! Everything seems to be going wrong—and now, to cap it all, here comes that fool Prodgers, the M.R.C.V.S.

Prodgers calls in at intervals; but unless some actual operation or other has to be performed, the trainer is quite as capable as he to tell what is wrong with any ailing horses, and how they should be tended. But the visit of the vet. is chiefly for the satisfaction of the owner, in order that the latter may not complain that the "best advice" was not secured. However, the interference of Prodgers rankles, all the same.

IN THE "JUMPING SCHOOL."

But the trainer has some youngsters to school, so, when the vet. has departed, out he goes again. The "jumping-school" is a large field, enclosed by strong timber partitions, whose purpose is to keep the horses from escaping once they have been put into it.

Within it, at varying intervals, are all sorts and kinds of fences, hurdles, and other obstacles. The young horses are sent round riderless, with men close at hand to see that they do not shirk the jumps. It is this preliminary practice that has the effect of giving a horse what is professionally known as "cleverness."

Now he gives a turn to his hurdlers; and as the negotiation of hurdles is so delicate a business, he has the horses ridden by jockeys in preference to stable-lads. He marks with satisfaction how the riders make them clear the hurdles as though they were not there, "flying" them in their stride, as it were, as the human hurdler does.

HIS ONEROUS DUTIES.

After the practice one of the jockeys comes up to him. "That there Buck Rabbit is a born 'urdler," he remarks. "Why, a stride or two from a flight, I could almost *see* 'im measure 'is distance so as not to 'ave to 'put in a little 'un' before takin' off." Whereat the heart of the trainer is wondrous glad; and when making his next "entries" you may rely that Buck Rabbit is not forgotten.

Making entries, and "scratching" horses from races in which they have no chance, engaging jockeys to ride them—and last, but as important as any, attending sales, to purchase on behalf of his employers—all these are part of the trainer's business.

Once upon a time the man who looked after a racing man's horses was a "training-groom"; but the modern trainer is a much more exalted and prosperous person.

However, in view of his many duties, it is hardly to be denied that the trainer—and especially the steeplechase trainer—earns every cent of the 50s. or £3 3s. that is paid to him weekly for the care of each of the horses he has charge of.

C. E. Wightman.

SPIES.

A THANKLESS CALLING.

The pother about the capture of an alleged German spy at Portsmouth has aroused public interest in the spy question, and not too soon.

While we are not without secret service agents—the polite term for spies—they are employed mainly on diplomatic work, and we make little or no effort to obtain secret information about the military and naval resources of possible enemies.

On the other hand, we give foreign spies many facilities for investigating our national defences. It is only occasionally that action is taken against a foreign spy, and then as a rule the hand of the authorities is forced by some zealous patriot.

It is all very well to say that we are strong enough to need no concealment, but this cocksure attitude is scarcely sane.

It is well known that certain foreign countries have complete military surveys of our land, but what should we know of their topography supposing we were called upon to fight them on their own ground? Rather less than we knew of the topography of South Africa at the outbreak of the Boer War.

The employment of spies in warfare is sanctioned by civilised countries, but is regarded as a regrettable necessity. To British ideas in particular, spying is abhorrent.

Apart from that the employment of spies leads to the shameful death of brave men. Despised and disliked though he be, the spy must have nerves of steel, and tremendous self-control.

Detection means the shortest of shrifts for him. A momentary forgetfulness, a temporary aberration, an unguarded word, act, or even look, and in a very short time he is hanging to the nearest lamp-post or tree.

He dies shamefully, disowned by his own side, for a commander is usually reluctant to admit that he employs spies.

Then the spy must be a man of intelligence and all-round ability. He must be able to speak many languages, and speak them so well that he passes for a native of a country; he must be able to "make up" with the skill of a Beerbohm Tree; he must have a "nose" for valuable information and be able to deduce facts from faint indications. He must be resolute, quick to think and act; he must look honest, though he be dishonest to the core.

A soldier, of course, is at liberty to try to obtain information about his foe. He may secretly penetrate into his lines and secretly make notes, and if caught he is not liable to any punishment beyond being detained as a prisoner of war—that is, so long as he wears uniform or some distinguishing mark which clearly proclaims him to be an enemy.

It is seldom that a British officer will turn un-uniformed spy, but it has been done, and by no less a person than Lord Kitchener. He often used to go among the Mahdi's followers disguised as an Arab, and recking nothing of the unspeakable tortures which awaited him had he been discovered.

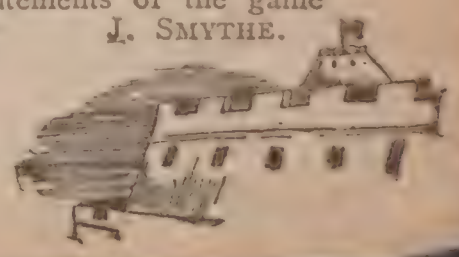
While fighting against the Matabele, Baden-Powell also often spied on them disguised as a native.

Against civilised foes, however, it is most improbable that any British soldier would turn regular spy.

Spies, therefore, are generally civilians, men of desperate, though not necessarily bad, character.

What induces them to tempt a shameful fate? Money? No doubt money is a strong inducement, for a successful spy can command practically his own price, but I should say it is the dangers and excitements of the game that fascinate the spy.

J. Smythe.



TO FOSTER GOOD-FELLOWSHIP AND GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP.

[We continue this week the list of names and addresses of members of THE MODERN MAN League. We hope that members will make the acquaintance of others in their locality, and that thus the ideal of good fellowship which has always characterised the League may be carried on.]

BAILLIESTON.
J. KENNEA, 4, West Massyston.

BAINFORD.
J. GILLESPIE, 20, Hendry Street.

BAKEWELL.
J. LEVISTON, Butts Cottage.
J. NADIN, The Hermitage, Longstone.
E. A. SHEPPARD, Bridge Street.

BALCOMBE.
A. E. MANDERP, Chippenham House.

BALLINA.
JAMES MacHALE, Bridge Street.
E. M. BOSHEEL, Gore Street.

BALLYMENA.
I. FERGUSON, 5, Albert Place.
W. S. HASKINS, 64, Church Street.
R. McCULLOUGH, Owen-Dair.
H. ULLATHORNE, 24, Linenhall Street.

BAMFORD.
L. M. BOURNE, The Mount.

BAMPTON.
B. S. COLLARD, 8, Brook Street.

BANCHORY.
J. HALL, Craiglea.
C. SHARP, High Street.

BANGOR.
F. G. BOUCKLEY, Marian House, 107, Carnarvon Road.
D. C. JONES, Marian House, 107, Carnarvon Road.
B. S. NEELY, 19 and 21, Main Street.

BANKFOOT.
A. McINTYRE, Post Office.

BARGOED.
G. H. MARTIN, 2, Cardiff Road.

BARMOUTH.
W. LLOYD PUGH, Bronallt.
S. FOSTER, Victoria Hotel.

BARNOLDSWICK.
J. P. ATKINSON, 9, Church Street.
J. W. REEVE, Walmsgate Yard.
F. WINDLE, 12, Cobden Street.

BARNSLEY.
G. ASQUITH, Harbro' Hill.
W. BARLOW, 21, Dobie Street, Park Road.
G. BARLOW, 21, Dobie Street, Park Road.
K. COLLEY, 26, Hawthorne Street.
F. DUCKETT, 22, Honeywell Street.
A. FLETCHER, 4, Pitt Street.
O. FREEMAN, 42, Blenheim Road.
F. K. FRUDD, 47, Derby Street
J. GALLOWAY, 43, Henry Street, Worsbro' Bridge.
F. LINDLEY, Royston.
M. LINDLEY, Station Road, Royston.
S. MARSLAND, 2, St. John's Road.
C. PARKER, 18, Victoria Street.
R. V. POTTER, 86, Racecommon Road.
M. ROSEVEARE, 40, Cope Street.
T. TERRY, 92, Lancaster Street.

BARNSTAPLE.
G. R. FOLLAND, 8, Fort Terrace.
F. LILE, Summerland Street.
F. W. RAMPTON, 2, Sticklepath Terrace.

BARROW-IN-FURNESS.
[illegible]. BOYLE, 53, Ainslie Street.
[illegible]. BREEZE, 10, William Street.
[illegible]. CAMPBELL, 36, Church Street.
[illegible]. H. FOSTER, 21, Salthouse Road.
[illegible]. GREEN, 14, Newport Street.
[illegible]. HAINES, Trevelyan Hotel.
[illegible]. HOLDSWORTH, 96, Sutherland Street.
[illegible]. JOWETT, 111, Dalton Road.
J. LAIDLAW, 49, Nelson Street.
B. C. LARRARD, 117, Abbey Road.
H. A. LARRARD, 117, Abbey Road.
J. LEWIS, 62, Chatsworth Street.
J. McPHERSON, 181, Blake Street.
O. M. MARTIN, 48, Storey Square.
L. J. J. ROSE, 48, Storey Square.
T. SMITH 4, Storey Square.
T. WILKINSON, 20, Hawke Street.
V. J. WYMER, 26, Hartington Street.

BARRY DOCK.
P. J. ADAMS, 40, Pyke Street.
S. G. DAVIES, 5, Dock View Road.
W. FENDER, 40, Sydenham Street.
H. E. GREGORY, 22, Woodland Road.
M. LENAHAN, 94, Merthyr Street.
W. J. TAMLYN, 73, Station Street.
R. TEAGUE, 8, Dock View Road.

BASINGSTOKE.
S. CHARLTON, 23, New Road.

BATH.
W. M. DILKS, Park Hurst, Park Lane.
L. FRICKER, Cleveland Pharmacy.
P. HAMBROOK, 24, Richmond Place, Beacon Hill.

(To be continued.)

MY NOTEBOOK.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

I have received a letter from a reader, who, amongst other suggestions, says that I ought to cancel one page of advertisements every week, and put in its place the music and words of a popular song. This letter shows how little some of those who buy papers know about their production.

If a paper of this size depended entirely upon the money received from the wholesale houses who supply the newsagents, who in return supply the public, it could not exist. It is the advertising revenue of modern papers that enables them to give their readers so much in the way both of amount and of quality.

I think that most of my readers understand this, and I am sure that at least those of them who have taken shares in THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., will not regret observing the increasing number of our advertisements.

This week we are carrying even more advertisements than usual, and the task of finding space for them, without encroaching on the literary value of the paper, has not been an easy one.

I make a practice of never refusing an advertisement, provided it is a clean and honest one.

TURNED DOWN.

Owing to the fact that this paper is the only one that appeals exclusively to men, and to men of every class, I have had an exceptionally large number of objectionable advertisements offered to me, but no matter what price such advertisers have offered, I have invariably turned them down.

Only this morning, I had submitted to me an offer from an advertiser who is prepared to pay £75 for space which I ordinarily sell for £10. Tempting in a financial way though this offer was, I refused it without hesitation, for I have no intention of departing from the criterion of cleanness and wholesomeness upon which the success of this paper has been built up.

I also make it an invariable rule to refuse space to any advertiser who does not treat his clients honestly. It is not always easy to prove dishonesty in a legal way, but if I have reasonable cause for doubting his *bona fides*, I refuse to take his money and his advertisement.

I often wish that I could discuss business matters more fully with you, for I believe that you would find them interesting, but there are so many technical points that would have to be explained as one went along, that I am afraid that the discussion would be rather a dull one.

A BUSINESS FRIEND.

Talking of advertisements, however, I am reminded of some of the striking personalities with whom I have been brought into contact in this connection.

One of the most striking is Mr. Thomas Inch, the teacher of physical culture, who was recently acclaimed the champion weight-lifter of Great Britain.

I did not know Mr. Inch until some time after he had become an advertiser in THE MODERN MAN. We corresponded from time to time on business matters, and there was in his letters something that struck a more personal note than one generally finds in mere commerce. I do not know whether he found something similar in my letters to him, but eventually he invited me to lunch with him.

I am afraid that I laboured under a preconceived idea as to what he would be like. I pictured an ungainly mountain of flesh, who would be very dull and uninteresting, but to whom I should have to be polite. [illegible] description would, I believe, have held in the case of many professional strong [illegible] but it certainly did not do so in the case of Mr. Inch.

To my surprise I found him to be only a year older than myself. We are practically the same height, but he is, of course, very much broader than I am.

Far from being dull, he is one of the most entertaining companions you could wish to have, and he and I have met many times since that day, outside business hours.

He takes his great strength as a thing granted. He knows that he created it by his own efforts and his own particular [illegible] and he does not appear to have any pride about the fact.

He even went as far as to measure his wrist, and then to measure mine, and his pleasure was considerable when I discovered that my wrist was by half-an-inch the thicker. He takes some pride in the comparative fineness of his wrists, as showing that he was not naturally intended to be strong, and that he made himself so by the scientific following of certain physical culture rules.

I know only one other man who is anything like him. This other man is also gifted with great strength, but, while Mr. Inch has built up a large business and made much money, the other man has been a lamentable failure so far as finance is concerned.

Nevertheless, different as these men are in many respects, they have in common the same quality of strength, and, above all, a marvellously boyish way of smiling.

Mr. Inch has made a name for himself as a physical culturist. I believe that he could make himself even more famous if he could only teach the public the secret of that smile.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

It has been very gratifying to me to observe the increasing number of applications for membership in THE MODERN MAN League since we commenced the publication of our list of League members.

So-called leagues have been established in various periodicals, the sole end of each of them being to induce the members to purchase the paper concerned, and to pay for the badge of membership a sum considerably in excess of what the badge costs.

THE MODERN MAN League is run on very different lines. There are no rules in connection with it, except the rules which are applied in the case of every sportsman. That is to say, if you become a member of the League, we expect you to do a good turn to another member if an opportunity occurs, and we also expect you, under all circumstances, to behave as a sportsman should.

Those who become members of THE MODERN MAN League are not in any way obliged to assist me in increasing the circulation of the paper, although, of course, I should be much indebted to them if they care to do so. Neither do they pay a fancy price for their League badges, these being produced at the lowest possible figure, in fact, at a price which could not be approached by any jeweller.

Far from this being so in the case of THE MODERN MAN League, it will give me the greatest pleasure to enrol every reader of this paper as a member, without any charge whatsoever, provided he agrees to carry out, so far as lies in his power, the general aims of the organisation—namely, the furtherance of good-fellowship and good sportsmanship.

Those, however, who desire to possess the badge, must, of course, remit the cost of it.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

REMARKABLE OFFER

BY A WELL-KNOWN LONDON HAIR SPECIALIST.

NEW HAIR ACTUALLY GROWN IN A WEEK

LARGE BOX FREE.

I have a straightforward message to give to all who suffer from the inconveniences of BALDNESS or sparse hair. Numerous preparations are sold to the public at a large profit to the vendors and, unfortunately, of little or no benefit to the purchaser. MY remedy I have absolutely, beyond doubt or question, proved conclusively for myself. The photograph reproduced here is perfectly genuine.

After Two Months' Treatment.

If you are sceptical, call and see me personally at this address, when I shall be pleased to hand you over a sample box of my remedy FREE OF ALL COST. Should you live at a distance from London you can send me only the actual cost of postage and packing—viz., three penny stamps—and I will send you by return a LARGE TRIAL BOX of my NATURAL HAIR GROWER. My remedy is sent in a neat plain wrapper, safely packed and post paid, and all communications are treated as strictly confidential. All correspondence is personally supervised. If you really wish to have a good head of hair you cannot afford to wait another day. Write me at once.

WHAT MY HAIR GROWER DOES.

Stops hair from falling out. Cures baldness, bald spots, and bald patches. Removes scurf (or dandruff), beautifies the hair, prevents and cures greyness.

EVIDENCE:

Mr. Michael Burke, of Black Trench, Nass, Co. Kildare, Ireland, recently wrote:—"Not only does it prevent the hair from falling out but it causes a new growth. *It grew my hair in less than a week.* Your natural Hair Grower removes all dandruff and irritation of the scalp and causes a new growth of hair. You can make what use you like of this testimonial.

Write to-day, mentioning "The Modern Man."

JOHN LAWRIE CARSON,

DEPT. B.,

9, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

SPORTING STORIES

A LONG, LONG VOYAGE.

Slowly and sedately, the ancient barge passed beneath the gloomy archways of Blackfriars Bridge.

The still more ancient bargee was leisurely pulling, and a small boy watched from above.

"Hi!" said the small boy.

The bargee remained wrapped up in his work.

"Hi!" repeated the small boy.

The bargee gazed into the crystal water of Father Thames.

Then the voice above rang out once more: "Hi! You on the barge! Bring us a parrot when you come home."

ENTHUSIASM.

It was a typical English summer day. The rain poured down, the wind whistled, and the sky was black with heavy clouds.

He had booked a seat for the Puddleton Aviation Meeting, and despite the behaviour of the elements, he took up his position punctually at ten o'clock.

Slowly the hours passed, and though he was becoming ravenously hungry, he feared to leave his seat lest anyone should take it, or the operations should commence during his absence.

At last, a steward clad in a dripping mackintosh waded through the slush.

"Hi, steward," said the enthusiastic would-be spectator, "can you tell me what time the interval begins?"

DOWN BELOW.

It was on the Underground Railway between Hammersmith and Edgware Road, and the would-be witty American saw an opportunity to shine, when the guard called "'Ammersmith—'Ammersmith."

Beckoning to the official, he knowingly remarked: "My man, you have dropped something."

"What?" asked the guard.

"An 'h,'" answered the Yankee.

"Oh! that's of no importance, sir, we can easily pick it up at Hedgware Road," replied the Londoner calmly.

HER TRANSLATION.

The gay, giddy Frenchman was spending a holiday in London. *Voila!*

He was feeling very well pleased with himself. One evening he visited a musical comedy theatre, and he was very well pleased with that, too, and especially with a young lady whose place was number one of the front row of the chorus.

He secured an introduction in the usual way, and took her out to supper.

While the meal was in progress his pent-up feelings refused to be pent-up any longer. Stretching his hands imploringly towards her he murmured: "*Je t'adore!*"

"Shut the door yourself," replied the young lady. "Besides, I thought it was locked."

VERY INSTRUCTIVE.

[*This feature is intended only for those searchers after true wisdom who find our other pages not sufficiently educative. We propose for a few weeks to take them by the hand and lead them in the paths of knowledge.*—EDITOR.]

Question: What is the meaning of "The Quest of the Golden Fleece"?

Answer: Ah! We thought that would puzzle you, Egbert. It describes the periodical excursions of Mr. Lloyd George, armed with a pair of shears, in search of the coy Ducal lambkins.

* * * * * * * *

Q.: Why is it that punishing their children hurts most fathers more than the children?

A.: Wait a minute, while we think. . . . Of course! It's because most fathers' hands are tenderer than the children's "smacking-centres."

* * * * * * * *

Q.: What is the best way to derive profit from a book?

A.: That's easy. Instead of writing the book, you should make one. By the way, Athrobald, if you are going that way, you might put us a dollar on Sure Thing, with the Man at the Corner. We'll give you the money later.

* * * * * * * *

Q.: How do you explain the meaning of the word "furlough"?

A.: Transpose the syllables, little man. Like this. Fur-lough. Loa-fer!! Ha! ha! *See?*

* * * * * * * *

Q.: Can you suggest a simple and inexpensive way of studying astronomy?

A.: Yes, my child. Come round and tell our Fighting Editor that you think his articles are rotten. You will observe all manner of interesting constellations. J. GORDON HOOD.

A Magnificent Introductory Offer.

A DELISHTFUL ALUMINIUM MATCH-BOX FREE TO ALL BUYERS OF 100 CIGARETTES.

A CHARMING SOUVENIR WORTH 2s. 6d.

There are still some "MODERN MAN" readers who have not tried the celebrated Cigarettes, made by Alexander, Orr & Co. (Cigarette Specialists), and to enlist their sympathies, the manufacturers are making a very bold and liberal offer. The Cigarettes scarcely need any eulogies, for they are of the best quality, made by hand, and have a large following of appreciative connoisseurs. Alexander, Orr & Co. make this offer because they want **NO** E clients, and their recommendations must tell up in the year. The prices are:—

Virginia, No. 14 ... 50, 1s. 6d.; 100, 3s.

Turkish, No. 8 ... 50, 2s. 4d.; 100, 4s. 6d.

To every First Purchaser of 100 Cigarettes of either of these Brands, the Manufacturers undertake to Send at Once, Free of Cost, an Aluminium Match-box of the Best Finish and Quality, with Striker suitable for Safety or Non-safety Matches, and quite free from any Advertisement. A Boon to Every Smoker, and worth 2s. 6d. at any Retail Store.

COUPON.—TEAR HERE AND POST.

To **ALEXANDER, ORR & CO.,**

24, Southwark St., London.

Please supply me with One Box (100) Virginia at 3s. or Turkish at 4s. 6d., and send me Match-box free of cost. P.O. enclosed.

Mr. .....

Address .....

.....

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

WHAT IS A REAL REST?

Judging from appearances, there are very few people who know how to rest.

If a business man wants relaxation, he lies back in an arm-chair, places his feet on the mantelpiece, smokes a cigar, and thinks over to-morrow's "deals."

A tired-out journalist spends his rest-hour in thinking out subjects for forthcoming articles.

Neither of these people rest at all. If you want a thorough cessation from work and energy of all kinds, you must "let yourself go" both mentally and physically.

Only the man who can relax simultaneously all the muscles of his body and, at the same time, is able to drive all thought from his brain, so making it an absolute blank, knows how it feels to enjoy a perfect rest.

Lie flat on your back upon the floor and try it even for a minute or two, and you will admit the truth of this.

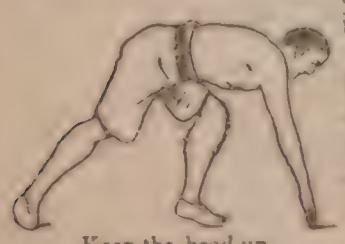
The ideal time to indulge in relaxation is the half-hour following the mid-day meal.

FOR THE HIPS AND BODY-MUSCLES.

Stand erect with the legs astride about two feet apart and the hands open by the sides.

Bend down smartly to the left, swinging round with the right leg straight and the left leg bent at the knee.

Touch the floor with the tips of the fingers of the right hand, as in the illustration.



Keep the head up.

The head should be kept up throughout the exercise and the chin must not be allowed to sink on the chest as the body comes forward.

The fingers should touch the floor as nearly as possible in a straight line with the feet.

Then spring up to the starting position, without moving the feet.

Bend to the right, and touch the floor in a corresponding position with the left hand.

Repeat this about half a dozen times to each side alternately, taking care to return the body completely to the upright position with the back hollowed and the head up.

A useful variation of this exercise is to bend down to one side as described, and then, without rising, to swing round, describing a semicircle with the fingers on the floor until a similar position on the other side is reached.

Then spring up and bend down again to repeat the process in the opposite direction.

WHY COFFEE IS UNJUSTLY CONDEMNED.

Coffee is the scapegoat for many offences, which are often the outcome of an excess of cream taken with the beverage. There is a mistaken idea that milk or cream will "weaken" coffee as it does tea, and this notion is responsible for any evil that may arise from systematic coffee-drinking.

When subjected to the chemical processes of the stomach, the combination of coffee and cream forms an indigestible substance; the liver is strained, and an attack of biliousness is liable to follow.

But black coffee may be strongly recommended. It is a most valuable agent in assisting the digestion of food, and it undoubtedly enables the blood to take in far more nourishment than it otherwise would have done.

Coffee is an excellent brain stimulant, and it is well termed an "intellectual" drink.

There is a story of an old gentleman who, being informed by his physician that coffee was slow poison, replied: "It must be very slow, then, for I have used it for over eighty years."

FOR SEDENTARY WORKERS.

The exercise here illustrated is especially suitable for those whose occupation is of a sedentary nature, for it will counteract the effect of bending over a desk in an unnatural position, as so many men are forced to do daily.

Lie at full length, face downwards, and extend the arms beyond the head.

First raise the right arm as high as possible without moving any other part of the body.

Splendid for the muscles of abdomen and back.

Then raise the left arm similarly, following this by raising both arms and lifting the head and shoulders also as far as possible.

This may prove a considerable strain on the muscles of the abdomen and back, and until by constant practice this can be done with comparative ease, the exercise should stop here.

The next movement is to raise the legs, first separately and then together, while the arms and the remainder of the body rest on the floor.

Finally raise both arms and legs at once, as shown in the sketch.

This is an admirable exercise, which is by no means easy at first, but is well worth while persevering with.

The arms and legs must not, on any account, be flexed at the elbow or knee, and the position should be maintained as long as the strain can be borne.

STRENGTH THE KEY TO SUCCESS.

"For performance of great mark, it requires extraordinary strength," wrote Emerson.

Napoleon said, "The first requisite of good generalship is good health."

The business man who devotes his entire energy to the making of wealth by daily brain toil in the City, will look very blank when confronted with those two striking testimonies to health and strength.

He has always regarded physical culture as a mere pastime—something to be indulged in when there is no work to be done.

The average London business man, whether he be stockbroker or clerk, pays but little attention to the real basis of success. For years he may make progress with his work, his position improves, his salary is doubled, but sooner or later, if he regards with contempt the development of physique, his brain as well as his body will suffer, and he will be reduced to a state similar to that of the [illegible] army of men who are capable of acting [illegible] mere machines. Consequently he will be [illegible] his little to any employer.

If, however, he regularly devotes a perce[illegible] of his time to the development of his stren[illegible] incidentally to the upkeep of his health, [illegible] perhaps not, at first, turn out such an abs[illegible] of work, but it will be of lasting quality and [illegible] success will be of the stable kind.

A PAIR OF WRIST EXERCISES.

Place the arms at the sides; then raise forearms to a position at right angles to the [illegible] arms. Whilst keeping the elbows absolutely still, move the hands from side to side.

Take plenty of time over this exercise, simple though it may seem, and indulge in frequent rests. Keep the hands open throughout.

Repeat the first exercise, moving the hands up and down as indicated in the sketch, instead of from side to side.

Throughout all these positions the upper arm must be quite stationary, and the forearm, when at right angles to the upper arm, must be kept as still as possible, thus [illegible] the whole work into the wrists.

JU-JITSU

Boxing, Wrestling, Weight-Lifting, and EXERCISES [illegible] health, strength, and curative and corrective purposes) [illegible] post, privately (and in Club Thursdays, [illegible] carefully, and scientifically. All athletic [illegible] outfits and literature supplied at wholesale [illegible] 3/11, Gloves, 4/6 &c. Illustrated Ju-jit[illegible] ticulars, 1d. stamp.

VERNON SMITH [illegible]

39a, GOLDHAWK ROAD, SHEPHERD'S [illegible]

£4 TO £7 EARNED WEEKLY

BY MEN and WOMEN at HOME or TRA[illegible]

LET US START YOU.

No experience needed. Our Agents made [illegible] £5,000 last two months, supplying [illegible] demand for our famous "CENTURY [illegible] BATH CABINET, and appointing Sub-A[illegible] Blake, of Wolverhampton, made £72 the [illegible] months. Mr. Kitson, of Blackpo[illegible] £31 the first month. Miss [illegible] £63 while teaching. J. W. [illegible] clerk, £39 in six weeks.

EVERYBODY BUYS [illegible] and pl[illegible] WHY WAIT [illegible] The Finest Cheap [illegible] Write for A[illegible] sition No. [illegible] tion THE MODERN [illegible]

CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET, [illegible]

(Dept. [illegible]), 205, Regent Street, [illegible]

THE SPORTING TIMES

Otherwise known as "The Pink 'Un."

Smarter and More Amusing than Ever.

Is Recognised as the Leading Authority on Racing and Sport.

WRITE FOR FREE SPECIMEN COPY.

Published Every Friday,

At 52, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

BRITAIN'S STRONGEST MAN

and Readers of "The Modern Man."

I, Thomas Inch, better known as "Britain's Strongest Man," am a keen reader of "The Modern Man," and having had the generous support of many readers in connection with my famous postal course of Physical tuition, wish to make a

Special Offer

to all readers.

Many people have made the mistake in thinking that my system is one simply for the "**WOULD BE STRONG MAN.**" A greater error could not be made. I certainly have perfected an advanced system which has been most successful (see separate advertisement), and if any reader desires great strength, health development, or in other words to turn himself into a fully fledged strong man, I give my word of honour, he cannot do better than take my Advanced System.

At the same time I wish to state that my whole life has been devoted to Physical Culture from a **CURATIVE point of view. My health section is regarded by myself as the most important feature of my organisation in connection with teaching Physical Culture by post.**

In the words of Carlyle "**There is no achievement in the world that is equal to perfect health.**"

There must be an enormous number of readers of "**The Modern Man**" who are either anxious to improve in sports such as cycling, swimming, rowing, golf, boxing, wrestling, tennis, billiards, or, in fact, any sport or pastime known.

There must be also an enormous number needlessly labouring under physical defects such as rounded shoulders, flat chests, emaciation, stunted growth, or ailments such as indigestion, constipation, obesity, weak heart, shortness of breath, lack of energy, nerve troubles, &c.

To all such I would say, the first step to take is to write **at once** for my free brochure "**HEALTH AT HOME.**" It will be sent by return of post, **FREE**, and to every reader who answers this advertisement, and mentions "**The Modern Man,**" I will make a very special offer, and as my terms are in any case extremely moderate, it is at once apparent that it will be nothing less than ridiculous for any reader to longer continue suffering, or dissatisfied with his physique, when the remedy is so simple and obvious.

I will personally undertake to treat all cases under strict guarantee, and for a reference as to my ability, the Editor of "The Modern Man" may be named.

42,000 SATISFIED PUPILS ENDORSE MY CLAIMS!

THOMAS INCH,

Physical Culture Expert,

Dept. M.M., 676 & 676a, FULHAM ROAD, FULHAM, LONDON, S.W.

Money in the Making

Every man has a right to make money. It depends on himself whether he exercises that right. How can he make money? In a similar way to that by which clients of the National Share Exchange have received nearly half-a-million sterling. This is not a "something-for-nothing" offer: On the contrary it is a business proposition with nearly half a million pounds paid away behind it in proof of bona-fides: The N.S.E. is an institution which offers you opportunities of making substantial profits by utilising a little capital.

£420,360

Has been Paid to Clients of the

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.

Every week profits are made by clients of the National Share Exchange. The system is simple but effective. Its value is attested by the amount paid away.

Where Do You Come In?

On that Coupon.

This is a business offer. If you fill in and post coupon to us we will tell you how our clients make big profits, with little money.

DAILY CASH SETTLEMENTS.

THE MONEY-MAKING COUPON—FILL IT IN.

TO THE SECRETARY,
NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE, Great Winchester St., London, E.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free (as my name is not already on your books) your booklet which fully explains your methods of money-making for clients, together with lists of cheques, totalling £420,360, which you have paid clients acting on your advice and recommendation, together with a Search Form, so that I can verify any single cheque, or batch of cheques, that I may select. Also particulars of the system of money-making for clients.

M.M.
1/10/19

NAME .....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title.)
ADDRESS IN FULL .....
.....
(Please write distinctly.)
DATE .....

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

SERVICE.

In many ways it is an unfortunate thing that we have such a word as "service" in our language, and it is more unfortunate that such an unpleasant interpretation should be put upon it by so many people.

Service, under certain conditions, is admitted by all to be an honour. The king's gentlemen-in-waiting are selected from our oldest and noblest families. They are in his service, and to occupy such a position is a coveted honour. To serve the king as a soldier is also an honour, and is admitted to be such by the majority of people. It would be a glorious thing if in business a similar feeling could be rendered.

In my own business, apart altogether from a sense of patriotic duty, I have always found it best to employ those who have been through some sort of military training, either in the old Volunteers or in the present Territorials.

A man who has had some experience of military work, has a proper idea of what service to his employer means.

A man happens to occupy the position of employer for various reasons; sometimes it is because he has inherited a business from his father, sometimes it is because he has made one for himself, but in either case he occupies a definite position in the world of business. He finds that he can conduct much more business than he himself can do personally. Therefore he contracts with other people to assist him. He pays them for their assistance according to the market value for that kind of assistance, and, if he is a good employer he pays them a little better.

These employees, in return for the money he pays them, supply him with their services. It is a sensible business contract, and as such it should be regarded.

The employee sells his work, and the employer buys it at a certain price. There is no humiliation in selling your work, any more than in selling goods of a material kind, but some men can never get over the prejudice, and they always feel that the employer who is buying their work is a brow-beating tyrant. Such men, I suppose, are born fools, but I honestly think that a course of military training would give them a certain amount of self-respect.

After all, the employer is like the captain of a company. An army that consisted entirely of privates would be Gilbertian, and so would a business house that lacked men in command.

When the feeling on the part of an employee that the man who hires his services is his natural enemy dies away, then business will be conducted on a far more satisfactory basis. Both employer and employee are necessary where a business is to succeed.

The employer may justly feel some pride in being able to give work to various people, and those whom he employs should also feel pride in their service. It is not everyone who can do the work that they are doing.

If that feeling were more prevalent in the world of commerce, we should hear far less talk on the part of employees, of lock-outs on the part of employers, and of national commercial decadence generally.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

MEXICANS STILL BOOMING.

Business in stocks and shares is still quiet, except in the case of Mexican concerns, all of which seem to be on the up grade, especially Mexican Rails, Mexico Trams, Mexican Light and Power, and National Railways of Mexico.

Prices in all the above mentioned have risen considerably lately, but I do not consider the rise anything like over yet. Until lately, these stocks had been depressed, through various causes, much below their intrinsic worth, and, with Mexico *en fête* through the tercentenary celebrations, it is small wonder that the cute investor is giving his whole attention to this market.

The Mexican trade returns for the fiscal year 1909-10 show an increase of imports above the previous year of over thirty-eight million dollars, and the exports a gain of nearly twenty-nine millions. The excess of exports over imports for the year is over sixty-five million dollars.

These figures speak for themselves, but, as everything points to a further continuous increase, the investor need not be afraid of buying on top of the rise that has taken place.

AMERICAN CORRUPTION.

Americans are still dodging up and down without showing any signs of a decided movement either way; but as the result of the Maine elections shows the tide flowing strongly in favour of the Democrats, the big Wall Street "grafters" are more bullish, as Roosevelt—their natural enemy—could not very well stand on the Democratic ticket for President, and consequently, as they do not care who is President so long as they are allowed to continue "graft," the point is a bull one for the moment; but manipulation cannot last for ever, and far better prices and markets will be ruling when bribery and corruption have been swept away.

OTHER MARKETS.

The trade of Canada is still booming, but I prefer Mexico for my money, as it is not under frost and snow for the greater part of the year.

Camp Bird shares and options are very little better than when I recommended them, but I expect to see a very sharp upward movement, presently.

Rhodesians are still dull as ditch water, and the promised boom seems as far off as ever.

There are a number of cheap Rubber shares to be picked up just now for those who want a good sound investment with prospects of substantial improvement in price in the future.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. W. (Blackheath).—The First and Second Preferences are 5 per cent. stocks, and the Third are 4 per cent. The Second Preference, being quoted in the vicinity of £100, would yield 5 per cent. on the outlay, but I should strongly advise you to invest in Mexican Railway Second Preference, where the interest yield will not only be much greater, but the prospects of an appreciation in price are also much better.

E. J. D. (Bridgwater).—I regret I do not know sufficient about the Lancefield Gold Company to justify advising you; but, as the people connected with the company are of the first class, I should recommend you to write to the Secretary, 20, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

R. G. (Dundee).—I am investigating the matter for you. Undoubtedly you have fallen into the hands of a shark, but I believe that, with the pressure I am enabled to bring upon him, I shall be able to make him disgorge your money.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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HOW TO BUY THEM AND KEEP THEM IN HEALTH.

It is as well to observe at the outset that it is not worth-while keeping a canary, at least of the more delicate variety, unless some member of the household has plenty of time to devote to it. A cage bird is necessarily most dependent on the attentions of its owner.

If you do not propose to attempt breeding—and the novice should certainly not do so until he has accustomed himself to the peculiarities of the canary tribe—you cannot do better than get a cock bird of a common type. A plain-headed Norwich is to be recommended. Scots Fancies, Lizards, Greens, and so on are better left to the more experienced.

When buying the bird, which need not cost more than a few shillings, see that he has passed through the moult and is in good feather, and also see that an unscrupulous dealer does not palm a hen off upon you, for this will be useless if a sweet songster is what you wish for.

As regards the cage, it is really false economy to attempt to make it, for well-finished ones can now be obtained most cheaply, and secondhand ones are to be bought for next to nothing, being merely bulky lumber if the owner has given up keeping birds.

The cage must be kept scrupulously clean and the floor covered daily with gritty sand.

There is no better food than good "canary seed," which should be glossy and feel heavy in the hand. A little hemp, rape and inga makes a useful variant about once a fortnight.

Green food, such as chickweed or groundsel and an occasional slice of apple, should be given during the summer.

Never give sugar or other sweet things. It is very common to see a lump of sugar always kept between the bars of the cage, but this is mistaken kindness which has a very bad effect on the bird.

A little broken-up hard-boiled egg is a delicacy that will do no harm, while a plentiful supply of fresh water is an essential.

Be most careful that the cage is not placed in a draught. A complete loss of voice on the part of a good songster is often due to a chill caught in this way.

The remedy is to put the cage in a warmer room and increase the diet, giving hemp seeds and an occasional lettuce leaf.

Exposure to the rays of the sun, on the other hand, may cause fits, or these may be due to a sudden fright.

Asthma is a most common ailment, and is easily detected by the heavy breathing [illegible] wheezing. The bird sits with its [illegible] ruffled and its head buried in its shoulders.

Draughts are usually the cause. [illegible] remedy, which, to be successful, must be applied at once, is to remove the cage to a [illegible] room and feed the canary on egg and [illegible] crumbs, with a little maw seed added.

JOHN QUARLES.

OFFICE JEALOUSY.

The man who has been newly engaged [illegible] a business office has to bear himself with circumspection, for there are all sorts [illegible] forces in existence there that may operate [illegible] his detriment, and to which he should [illegible] blind.

It is apparently a growing spirit in [illegible] twentieth-century business world to attempt to climb higher by pulling somebody [illegible] down.

All's fair in love and—business. [illegible] good an opinion you may have of your fellow-workers, don't give a single one of them the smallest chance of saying or doing anything to your disadvantage. If you are [illegible] late after lunch, depend upon it that [illegible] body—it may even be the office-boy—will make it his business to see that the fact is known in the right—or from your view, the wrong—quarter.

If you happen to be specially commended by your employer for anything you have done, you will be well-advised not to [illegible] anybody. To do so will not be the [illegible] use to you—and it might very easily arouse a certain amount of jealousy among [illegible] your less-favoured colleagues.

The great tip for a business-man is to do his work to the best of his ability, and to treat his fellow-workers almost as [illegible] strangers.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

SELBY STRIKES SILENTLY

By ADAM STERN.

The interior of Richard Selby's ...ain-making works presented an unusual appear-...ce that night.

...rges were quiet, the fires out; the work-... had gone two hours ago. But the place ... not in darkness. The pallid rays of the ...ric light shone down on a silent crowd of ...en.

...ood about in little groups, probably half ... of them—elderly women for the most ... of visage and tight-lipped, with bodies ...apeless with toil. Stringy arms clasped ... shawls about them, gnarled fingers were ...ted in the folds.

The few younger women were a conspicuous ...trast, with their large, full figures, red lips, ... bright eyes. For a certain savage beauty ...esses the womanhood of the Black Country ... iron enemy has placed upon them the ... its heel.

...e silence prevailing was peculiar. It was a ... alive with expectancy, but entirely devoid ...atience. They were women, and they knew ... wait.

...ll eyes were turned towards the closed office ..., and presently it opened and another of their ... came through. Received with whispered ...e was duly absorbed in the crowd. ... door remained open.

..., Graill was addressing Richard, the ...er occupant of the office.

...es the last, I think."

...es; forewoman at Harrison's. . . . Shut ... door a minute."

...ill did so, and when he looked round he was ... to see that Richard had turned to his ..., with elbows upon it, was holding his ... hands.

..., what's up?" he cried anxiously. "I say,

... nothing," said Richard, tugging himself ... "An attack of funk. I'm afraid, Jim. ... Those poor devils—I can manage men, ...ligence 'em—but women! Can I make 'em ...e to eye with me? Their focus of vision is ...erent. I'm doubtful of myself. I——"

...is mouth closed like a trap. The curt, jerky ... betrayed a feeling of which he was ...ed.

..."u needn't be," said Graill, quietly.

... means so much to them," groaned Richard. ...heeled as someone came in through the ... door.

...e latter, a man, produced a card with the ...erity of a conjuror.

..."The Moulden News,'" he said.

..."Two reporters," said Richard. He took him ...the shoulder and put him outside, kindly but ...mly. "Good-night," he said, and turned the ...

..."Now for it," he observed.

...Somehow the trifling interruption had restored ...self-command. He crossed the office briskly ...alled wide the door leading to the works. ...passed through and lounged against the ... an unobtrusive spectator. Richard stood ...the steps, raised a little above his audience. ...attitude was easy, his air business-like.

...swept his gaze slowly round, taking in each ... in turn, and waited for the stir of anticipa... to subside. Not one but afterwards felt that ... was speaking directly to her.

..."Well," said Richard, as though resuming a ...versation, "you've all turned up. It seems to ...you've got a right to be proud of yourselves ...ly. When I took on myself to invite you ...I selected, out of the various firms in the ...ict, one woman to represent the other women ...o worked with her. I wanted a gathering ...presenting the thoughts and wishes of the ...ole of the women chain-makers of Moulden. ...e got what I wanted. You're all here.

..."It's a greatly encouraging sign. It shows ...t you're awake. It shows that you are as well ...are as I am that there is a consolidated scheme afoot to do you women an injury. It shows above all that you too are consolidated.

"I am going to tell you exactly what the injury is which threatens you. It is always best to know the worst. When you make up your minds to endure the worst, it is generally the case that something better happens. I think we are going to make that particular worst recoil on the heads of the other party. It all depends on yourselves.

"What is it they are attempting to do? They—your employers—are attempting to set at defiance an honest endeavour to improve the conditions of your lives. You know that this chain trade of ours has at last been included under the Sweated Labour Act. You know that as a result a minimum wage of twopence-ha'penny per hour has been fixed for you—a wage whereby you can earn ten to twelve shillings a week, instead of the beggarly four or five you earn at present. You know—and God knows—that reform hasn't come before its time. Then what is the difficulty?

"There are two difficulties. The first is, that no more than half of your employers belong to the Chain-Makers' Association, and to the other half the new rate doesn't apply. Why doesn't it apply to the unassociated makers? For the simple reason that there is no compulsion on your part to work for them, and you can either take the old rate or leave it. They say they can do without you, unless you accept the existing terms. They can't, as a matter of fact. But the force of their argument lies in the knowledge that the associated makers can only employ a limited number of you, and that the balance will be glad to accept whatever wages they can get.

"Remember no Act of Parliament will force *you* to take twopence-ha'penny an hour if you are satisfied—or fools enough—to work for less. That is the one difficulty, and it affects about half of you. Do you all follow me?"

Hardly a voice answered, but assent by nods was unanimous. The crowd of listening women edged nearer. Different from men, they did not interrupt with ejaculations or applause. In their unbroken silence was a pathetic admittance of their sense of helplessness. They looked at Richard now, not with eager expectancy, but as to one who was empowered to deliver them.

"There is a question which will probably occur to you," continued Richard steadily, "and that is—Why don't the associated makers also make use of the threat to do without you except on existing terms? Again, we know that they couldn't. But what they could do would be to give you only fugitive employment when absolutely necessary, so that, badgered about between one and the other, you would come to curse the mistaken legislation which sought to help you, and to clamour for its abolition.

"Then why do they stay their hand? Because of two words—capital letter words in their importance—because of Business Reputation.

"The men composing the association are the prominent makers—men who must have a care how they act—and with the eyes of the country upon them—for the eyes of the country *are* upon them, *and upon you!*—they are bound at least to make a show of *desiring* to act fairly. So they have agreed to this minimum wage—with one stipulation.

"You who work for the associated makers know what the stipulation is. There is a six months' interval before the new rates come into force, and you have got to undertake to go on working on the present terms during that period. The chain trade is slack just now, but you won't be slack. You will be making stock. And when the half-year is up you won't begin at the new wage right away. Don't imagine it! You will have another half year, *at least*, of doing nothing. You will be out of work. Yet refuse to give that undertaking, and a lock-out will immediately follow.

"So it appears they have got you in either direction. They're devilish clever, and no mistake! And what is the motive underlying it all?

"Simply that they want you to say you are content as you are. They want you to say you would rather not be interfered with. A sweated class as long as you can remember, they hope to continue to sweat you, with you going down on your bended knees to say that you like it.

"And because, on the surface, their stipulation is reasonable, because it asks you to do no worse for six months than you have always been doing, nobody will step in to assist you, nobody will support you, nobody, in fact, sees the necessity. You are to be outwitted. You are to be deprived of the benefits of this beneficial legislation for a year—if not for ever. And in the latter half of that year you can starve and be damned to you! That, in brief, is the second difficulty."

He paused, observing the effect of his words. The silent crowd edged nearer yet.

"Women of Moulden," said Richard, and his quiet voice was vibrant with strength, "you are not going to starve. I myself shall see to that. I have put the case to you as it stands, because it is right that you should know the truth without reservation, but dark as the prospect appears I say to you, with calmness and confidence, that you need not lose heart.

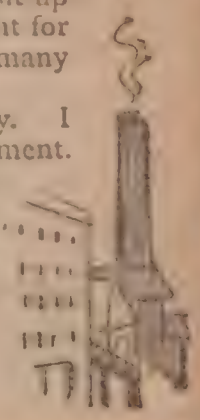
"Though you are friendless in an official sense you are far from being friendless altogether. There is the eye of the country upon you, and the country has a big heart when you know how to reach it.

"What you require is a champion of your cause. I will stand up for you—if you will let me. I will see that these employers of yours don't have it all their own way. Wait. . . ."

He held up his hand as an impulsive movement ran through the listeners.

"They are men and I am a man, and perhaps I understand better how to frustrate them than you do. But I have a further reason. It is that my soul rebels against this organised injustice. They are the strong and you are the weak, but even so they stoop to trick you. It is dastardly, it is cowardly. But very well, we will not put up with it. I place myself on your side. I fight for you and with you, and ere long there will be many following suit.

"What I offer you is not only sympathy. I stand equipped with substantial encouragement. Here and now I pledge myself that if a lock-out ensues you shall all be looked after. Let it last as long as it will, you, and the whole of the women chainmakers you represent, shall



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receive strike pay of four shillings a week. I guarantee it. You know me. You know my record. I don't promise what I can't perform. Trust me as your leader, give me a free hand, and by the Lord God, combined, we'll smash this opposition out of hand!"

It was not so much his words—it was the dynamic energy of the man. The pent-up emotion of the crowd broke forth at last. Hands were upraised, oaths taken. With shrill cries and asseverations of faith the women surged towards him. Many were sobbing.

Richard, drawn up to his full height, remained for a full minute watching them, a flush on his cheeks, victory in his eyes.

Then, abruptly, he became practical.

"All right," he said. "Now shut up a minute. There won't be a lock-out if we can find means to avoid it. To-morrow morning I interview William Bradlaw, chairman of the association, and Harrison, spokesman for the unassociated makers. On the issue of those interviews our action depends. Until then, do nothing. Go to work as usual. But listen carefully to this—I want you here again, all of you, in the dinner interval to-morrow. I sha'n't detain you long; but if I have any instructions to give, they must be obeyed to the letter. That's the lot, and now you can quit."

He stepped down from the doorway, and Graill went to unlock the outer door.

"I should keep your mouths shut as close as possible," said Richard. "You're generally supposed to be incapable of such a thing. Just prove it's a lie."

"Yo' bet we will. Yo' rely on us."

As they thronged past, a young woman suddenly thrust her way to him, flung her arm round his neck and kissed him hotly on the lips.

"By ——, Richard Selby," she said. "Yo've but to say the word!"

Richard laughed, and shook his head with mock reproof.

* * * * * * *

At eleven o'clock next morning he went out to keep his two appointments, and was back within half an hour.

"Bradlaw sprang a bomb on me," he informed Graill, "but unfortunately it failed to explode. He'd got Harrison there, and they've joined forces. I could have told 'em weeks ago the position of the unassociated makers was untenable."

"What's the decision?" inquired Graill.

"The alliance answers you. Stand fast, and a united front. They recommended me to come back and tell the women so—bless you, of course they'd heard a second meeting was arranged—and they anticipate it will completely knock the stuffing out of us. Well, I let 'em think so till I see 'em again this afternoon. A whole regiment of 'em will be in waiting for me in Bradlaw's office at two-thirty. I made the special request. I don't want any of 'em to miss the force of my eloquent persuasion. They'll be a trifle surprised, though, at the form it takes. . . ."

"Where you off to now?" queried Graill, as, seizing some papers from his desk, Richard strode to the door.

"To Bagley Court. I've got to have a chat with Vincent Lyons and be back by one o'clock. No time to waste."

He did it with ten minutes to spare. Shortly afterwards the women began to arrive, and when all had assembled he went out and made a short speech to them.

Graill, sitting at his desk in the office, could hear his voice through the open door, and see the shadow of his burly form as he stood at the head of the steps gripping the hand-rail or hammering his words home with that sledge-hammer fist.

As he ceased speaking, the excited voices of the women were heard in eager consultation with one another.

Then the door clanged open and silence reigned in the works.

Richard came into the office, sat down, and sighed.

"If only now and then we could squint into the future," he said. "A few minutes' talk, a decision made, and where will the consequences end? It gives you to think, Jim. . . . Well, lunch next, and after that Bradlaw with all his hosts. You must come with me. It will be some sort of satisfaction to see how they take it. . . ."

And a satisfaction undoubtedly it was, if one excepted William Bradlaw, whose control of countenance was as perfect as Richard's own.

They found him surrounded by an array of chainmakers, men who had been masters while Richard was an infant, and the glances of many were openly hostile.

"Well, Richard," said Bradlaw, with gruff geniality.

"Well, William," said Richard, calm and collected.

"Bin preachin' sense to 'em?"

"The best sense of all."

"What's that?"

"Strike."

Bradlaw wagged his head in sorrow.

"They'll never do it," he said. "They daren't."

"Yes, they'll do it right enough," said Richard tranquilly. "They've come out already."

"Already!" The exclamation was general.

Richard looked at his watch.

"Thirty-two minutes past two," he said. "At half-past two exactly every woman employed by you here—every woman employed by every chainmaker in Moulden—put down her tools and quietly started for home."

"Honest?" asked William Bradlaw.

"Here's somebody come to tell you," said Richard, turning as a clerk hurried in.

Saving Bradlaw, there was general consternation.

"Didn't even wait for us to lock 'em out," he observed with a grim smile.

"What was the good?"

"You've struck first, and you've struck silently, eh?"

"Looks like it, William."

"You're ill-advised, Richard."

"Perhaps," said Richard.

"They'll be back in a week. Who's to keep 'em, who's to feed 'em? Meanin' no offence, Richard, *you* can't. There's twelve hundred of 'em if there's one. And you ain't so well off as you used to be."

"I'll explain," said Richard, drawing a paper from his pocket. "I needn't read all this," he patted it, "as the day after to-morrow, whichever London paper any of you take in, you'll see it there. It states the situation concisely, and it appeals to the British public for funds to assist these women in their unequal fight against oppression and wrong."

"Rubbish," said Bradlaw good-humouredly. "Let's have a look."

Richard handed him the draft of the letter.

"Hul-lo," exclaimed Bradlaw softly. "Vincent Lyons gives two hundred and fifty pounds for a start!"

"Enough to support the women for one week," said Richard. "Be careful with it there"—as the others grabbed at it—"don't rip it to bits.

"And," added Richard, "I am authorised to announce something which doesn't appear in that letter. If the contributions fall short of the two-fifty, Vincent Lyons will make the sum good each week for so long as the lock-out lasts. He is satisfied that the women are entitled to assistance; he is a very wealthy man, and a few thousand more or less will make little difference to him. Then again, his son, our M.P., was instrumental in getting the trade included among the industries entitled to legal protection against sweating, so you see he has a double motive in what he does. You are resisting the effectual working of the new condition of things. He is resisting you."

Bradlaw returned the paper.

"It'll cost him a tidy amount," he observed laconically.

"He is confident," returned Richard, "that the public will be generous. And with such a munificent gift heading the list, coming from such a prominent man, I imagine he's not far wrong."

He folded up the paper and pocketed it.

"That's about all, William," he said.

"Ah," Bradlaw slowly regarded his co[mpanions]. "Just wait a minute. I'll tell you what [our game] is to this——

"It's no surrender, men, ain't it?" he de[manded].

There was a fighting gleam in his usua[lly] eyes. No question here of the dominan[ce] over them. One and all assented.

It was a low, muttering sound, like the [growl] of dogs in the distance.

"You hear?" said Bradlaw, grimly. "[The] winter's comin' on. Go back and tell that to Mister Vincent Lyons, and tell the women No surrender!—and may we all enjoy [ourselves]."

"Righto," said Richard. "Come on, [Graill]."

He turned at the door.

"I haven't done yet, William," he said.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

Aldwych Skating Rink.

AFTER RE-DECORATION AND NUMEROUS ALTERATIONS, IS

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IT IS NOW THE PRETTIEST RINK AND HAS THE FINEST FLOOR IN LONDON.

FULL MILITARY BAND.

REFRESHMENTS AT POPULAR PRICES.

THREE SESSIONS DAILY:

11 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, and 7.30 to 11 P.M.

ADMISSION.—Morning, Ladies and Children, Free. Afternoon and Evening, **1s.**; Skates, **1s.**

SUNDAY CLUB A FEATURE.

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London. Telegrams, "Amatorem, London."

GROW A MOUSTACHE.

A nice manly moustache **speedily** grows at any age by "**Mousta**," the only True Moustache Forcer. **Success Positively Guaranteed.** Boys become men. Acts like Magic. Box sent (plain cover) for 6d. and 1d. for postage. Send to **T. DIXON & CO., 42, Junction Road, London, N.**

Capt. A. F. B.

R.E.

[illegible] things are happening as he foretold, in spite of [illegible] that he has never seen him.

Clifton Bingham

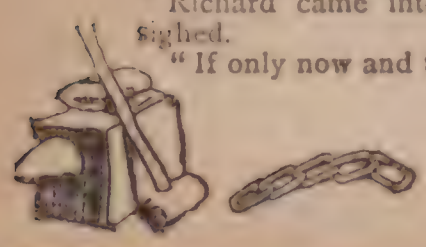
"Mysterious is all I can say. [illegible] marvellously correct [illegible] and present position."

Rub some stove black on the thumbs, press them on paper; send birth date and time (if known), and 1s. for cost of chart, etc., to be sent in stamped envelope. I will give you a FREE READING OF YOUR [illegible] from chart, to advertise my success.

PROF. S. V. ZAZRA, 80, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.

A Professional Man writes:—"YOU [illegible]

ASTONISH AND HELP



BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

K. J. (Rochester).—Your machine is worth more than that, so we should not advise you to accept the offer. Why not advertise it in our "Sale and Exchange" columns and get a fair price?

W. L. (Wandsworth).—There is much to be said both for and against the carrying of a horn on a bicycle. Some pedestrians take but little notice of a bell, and at night time a motorist hearing a "hoot" in front will slow down, giving you plenty of room. As you say, Croydon is a terrible place to bike through on a Saturday night. Why not come through Sutton?

"LADY READER" (Rickmansworth).—Don't be pulled by appearances. Because a man doesn't regularly go to church, it by no means proves that he is a "wrong 'un." Remember that many people go to Sunday worship merely for show, because their neighbours go, or for the sake of strutting about in their "Sunday best." From your description of S. W., I should say he was quite a good chap, despite the fact that he goes cycling on Sundays. Bear in mind the fact that he has to work hard all the week.

N. Q. H. (Ipswich).—The safety-razor certainly has its advantages, and it undoubtedly does its work in quicker time than the older instrument. But it has its defects; a piece of metal is liable to snap at the back, and the blade has to be held in position by the finger. It is more complicated than the unguarded blade, and consequently requires more care, and will not give so close a shave.

F. V. (Derby).—Always enclose a stamped and addressed envelope when you submit MSS. A loose stamp is liable to get mislaid, and you should give an editor the minimum of trouble. If you send no stamp at all you cannot expect to see your work again. It is always advisable to keep duplicates of your articles.

A. W. (Sidcup).—You say you have been educated on the Continent, know nothing of football, and want to learn it. Swot up the rules from a book; then apply to the captain or secretary of the nearest football club; he is sure to be a decent sort of chap, and will see you through, if you are keen.

R. WELBOURNE (67, High Street, Grantham), wants to correspond with readers in South Australia, his native colony.

W. M. S. (C.-on-M.).—To get a satisfactory crook on an ash stick, bind a suitable branch into the required shape, and do not cut it from the parent tree until that shape has become permanent.

W. W. (Poplar).—You are an awful ass. Conceit is pitiable, even at eighteen; but you are young, and may grow out of it.

J. W. D. (Bolton-le-Moors) wants to see a great London club where all provincial League members would find a welcome and a temporary home. It would be a big undertaking, but there is no saying what may be the outcome of the enthusiasm of our London League members.

A. J. W. (Cork).—The firm to which you refer is R. Parkes & Co., 161, Blackburn Road, Accrington.

T. M. (London, E.).—You inform us that your father is Irish, your mother Welsh, and you were born in England; and you want to know what nationality you can claim. British, of course. You don't want anything better than that.

H. W. K. (Potchefstroom) suggests that a very suitable present from one man to another would be a cigarette-case with the League badge engraved on it. We quite agree, and, as owners of the design, shall give our permission to any jeweller who may be asked to do the job.

G. H. (Kennington).—Better have your new suit made with a single-breasted jacket, unless your wardrobe is extensive and you have plenty of changes.

"MABS" (Frinton-on-Sea) says our Sporting Stories are "ripping." One of them, however, she could not understand, and her brother, when she asked him, first said he didn't know and then said he wouldn't tell. She asks us now. Try your brother again, dear young lady. We have spoken very severely to that particular contributor.

L. H. F. (Montreal) writes: "Canada is emphatically not the place it is cracked up to be." Others, however have found it all right. A good deal probably depends on the man.

J. W. S. (Hove), **R. W.** (Leamington), **J. L. McL.** (Newport), **F. C.** (Luton), **J. H.** (Burnley), **W. B. H.** (Kendal), **L. W. N.** (Norwich), **A. P.** (Buckhaven), **J. H.** (Hove), **E. W. C.** (York).—Pray accept our best thanks.

THE "MUSCLE" FIEND.

Have you ever made the acquaintance of a "muscle" fiend? Probably you have, because there are a good many of him about, but, in all likelihood, you do not look forward very eagerly to your next meeting with him.

The "muscle" fiend is the genial soul who, having managed by a course of physical exercises to acquire a very powerful muscular development, spends his spare time in searching for some less lucky mortal who is not so well provided by Nature in the matter of brawn and sinew.

When such a victim has been found, the "muscle" fiend begins a conversation about feats of strength. He says he will pick up a large scuttle full of coals on his little finger, and he does. Then, by easy stages, he starts on "Ju-Jitsu holds." He invites you to stretch out your hand, whereupon he deftly wrenches it so that the pain is poignant.

"Ha!" he says genially. "'Fraid I hurt you a bit. Sorry. *But I could have hurt you a lot more if I'd wanted to!*"

Then he leaves you, but only after having inflicted on your proffered right hand a grip that grinds the bones together with a horrid squashing sensation.

"Man, Mind & Muscle"

A WONDERFUL, INSPIRING BOOK, which opens to you the priceless secrets of attaining GREAT PHYSICAL & MENTAL PERFECTION & POWER

This Book is worth pounds to every man, but is here offered to Readers of "Modern Man" for 1s. 2d. post free.

For the young man starting in life; for the man whose career is of ten years' standing; for the middle-aged man; for all whose goal is Physical as well as Mental Success, this book is the most valuable ever published.

Its worth is apparent.

"Man, Mind, and Muscle" explains to you clearly and concisely the powers that you must possess if you would attain success. But it tells you more. It tells you how you can obtain those powers; how you can strengthen and develop your intellect and so realise to the full the powers that lie dormant in everybody's—in your—brain and body. It explains the overcoming of bad habits; how to detect and know your own failings; how to rid yourself of faults in your character which tend to weaken instead of strengthen your personality. It shows you how to convert your very weakness into strength.

"Man, Mind, and Muscle" is published by one of the most famous firms of health publishers in the world, the Health and Vim Publishing Co., 73, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

"Man, Mind, and Muscle" shows you that a man in order to succeed must have a dominant personality. He must impress the strength and power of his mind upon all with whom he comes into contact. The man with a distinctive personality is a man who has developed and trained the latent powers that are in him to the fullest.

People feel that they can trust him, they feel that he is a man of substance, of strong character, a man worthy of every confidence. He is a man whose passions are under perfect control; he realises himself to the utmost; he is fully cognisant of his own power, and his self-confidence and will-power are as steady and as firm as a rock.

A man such as this succeeds through the sheer force of his character. In business dealings he exercises a mental fascination which convinces even against a person's will. His voice, his manner, his earnestness, and every line of his body all join together to push him onwards.

In all probability you have met such a man. You have been almost awed. You have instantly conceived an intense respect for him, and have felt that here was a man you would trust your life to. But, you ask yourself, what is the reason? Is it that my will is so exceedingly weak? Or is it that his character is intensely strong, out of all proportion to mine?

The powers of the man who influenced you can be yours if you will but go the right way about getting them.

This book, the price of which is but a shilling net, tells you the means of obtaining this strength of mind and character that you now so much desire.

"Man, Mind, and Muscle" tells you how to keep yourself under perfect control, your muscles, thoughts, passions, and will.

To take but one little illustration. The man with a powerful personality always looks you straight in the eyes, he never blinks, and his glance never wanders.

"Why is this?" you ask.

The explanation is simple.

Like all his other muscles, he has those of his eyes under perfect control. He has steeled himself to control them.

Such is the explanation of the so-called piercing magnetic gaze. But how convincing it is, and how you feel you can trust such a man, as you really *can!*

You must realise that such a man as this has every muscle and faculty under as complete a control as his eyes. "Man, Mind, and Muscle" will show you how to get a similar control over yourself, so that your personality and intellect will rapidly attain success for you and render you a leader among men, instead of a mere go-with-the-crowd unit, as the vast majority of men are at present. No longer will you be subjected to the first impulse that seizes you; your judgment and coolness will carry you through. Your character will always remain unimpaired; you will resist and overcome all temptation, conquer your bad habits, gain by sheer will-power the success that you desire, and thus achieve that supreme happiness which we are all working for, but which so few attain.

"Man, Mind, and Muscle," published at 1s. net, teaches you how to control the Man's (yourself, that is) moral or ethical nature, the Mind, and so achieve intellect, will-power, judgment, a sound memory, and complete self-control, and also the Muscles, so that you develop a sound healthy body with firm flesh and that grace and appearance of powerful strength which belong only to those who are physically perfect!

The chapter headings here will give you an idea of how completely your triple nature is covered in this book, which costs you only a shilling.

The Three-fold Nature of Man—Your Nerves and Your Morals—This Wonderful Body of Ours—How to Exercise the Mind and Educate the Will—How to Attain Self-Control, &c.,

Thus, you see, it is now placed within your reach to obtain that personality which comes of complete self-control and strength of character, about which you have thought so often.

Send for "Man, Mind, and Muscle," read it carefully, and follow implicitly the advice it gives. Above all, keep to it. Don't let your interest flag, which, if you really desire success, would be a most fatal weakness. Note and thoroughly understand every part of it and you will be well on the path to business and social success.

The price of "Man, Mind, and Muscle" is 1s. 2d. post free, and is to be obtained of the Health and Vim Publishing Co., 73, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

EXIT THE GAUNTLET CUFF.

In studying the fashions which the tailors have decreed are to rule us during the coming season, it is interesting to note that the gauntlet cuff no longer finds a place. Its vogue is at an end.

Personally, I cannot help feeling some regret, for it always seemed to me that the turned-back cuff, though it did collect dust and serve no very useful purpose, except to receive one's railway or tram tickets, helped to relieve the comparative unloveliness of the masculine sleeve, in the same way that the "turn-up" at the bottom gives some sort of a finish to the trouser.

The reason for the disappearance of the gauntlet cuff in good-class tailoring is not far to seek. Being a showy means of obtaining superficial smartness at a very slight additional cost, it was naturally taken up by all up-to-date makers of cheap suits, and often they produced ridiculously ornate cuffs which lacked the restraint that characterises the attire of the well-dressed man.

The better-class tailors have, therefore, agreed to leave the gauntlet cuff to the cheaper trade, and it will be well for the man who takes an interest in the building of his suits to bear this fact in mind.

A SEASONABLE NOVELTY.

About this time of the year the weather is apt to become changeable, but throughout September and early October we like to cling to the last snatches of summer, and, unless the sky is absolutely overcast and there is no hope of half an hour's sunshine, we prefer to walk abroad without an umbrella.

To some people, the umbrella is always a cumbersome article, and to these folk, the latest "combined stick and umbrella" should prove a good investment.

Twelve and sixpence will procure you a walking companion for all weathers.

Made from silk that will not crack, the umbrella part of the contrivance can be rolled and fitted into a smart case of hollow cane, which screws on to the handle. A cheaper variety has a flexible case of leather which fits over the umbrella and protects it as well as converting it into a serviceable walking stick.

INVALUABLE TO THE TRAVELLER.

I have referred before on this page to the utility of the celluloid collar in certain circumstances, but as I then remarked that utility is all but counteracted by the bad appearance of that substitute for linen, which it can never really imitate, and also by the fact that it is most liable to crack.

At last, however, it is possible to get, in the liquid glaze which its inventor has called "Lin-Gloss," a preparation by means of which a collar can be given all the advantages of a celluloid one, while retaining the ordinary appearance of linen.

The comfort of possessing a collar which can be cleaned by the simple application of a wet sponge does not need to be pointed out to the week-end traveller, the cycle-tourist, the City worker, and in fact any man who from considerations of space or expense cannot provide himself with as many freshly-washed collars as he would like.

WHERE TO KEEP YOUR MONEY.

The majority of men, on setting out for the day's work, carelessly throw their change together into one pocket. Why not keep the silver in one pocket and coppers in another? The ticket pocket is especially suitable for the reception of the latter.

Where florins and pennies are mixed, two and twopence is often paid for a threepenny article, and then we wonder where the money goes.

Some men keep both change and handkerchief in the trouser pocket. This is even a more dangerous habit, for when the handkerchief is drawn out, with the usual flourish, an odd coin is likely to be flicked away beyond recall.

COLLARS AND OPEN WAISTCOATS.

It seems quite hopeless to attempt to keep pace with the changes of fashion as regards the height of the waistcoat opening, and at the present moment it would probably be true to say that there is no definite fashion at all.

In any case, I have noticed a tendency in London to revert to the open vest with an open-ended tie, and in many cases a wing collar with pointed corners, not unlike those in use fifteen or twenty years ago.

It is always as well to remember that a closely pressed, thin collar should be worn with a low-cut vest, the heavier article is quite out of place, giving a top-heavy aspect.

While on the subject of linen collars, I should like to mention that men, as a rule, pay too little attention to this very important, though small, article of apparel.

Walking into a busy outfitter's, they will give the size, depth, and style, giving no thought to the fact that there are slightly different types of every style.

There is a great deal in the cutting of the front part of the collar, and another point to bear in mind is the space you prefer between the front stud holes and the height of the back one.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE BOOTLACE.

Though a somewhat minor detail as compared with the other points on this page, the manner in which a man ties his boot-laces has a great deal to do with the general effect of his get-up. Often it provides just the finishing touch.

Perhaps the most popular form is the cross method, but I am inclined to favour the straight, ladder-like way.

This is the regulation method in use in the Army and is undoubtedly most suitable for sporting and country boots. It has the advantage that as the lace never comes between the two flaps of the boot, these can be drawn much closer together than if the laces are crossed, and dust and wet are excluded.

ONE PRICE and the same exceptional value for our customers over the world. Wherever you live we guarantee satisfaction, splendid value and perfect-fitting garments. Whatever style you choose, whatever the cloth, we make the clothes to measure from **21s.** to **55s.** Cloths supplied from **2s.** yd. Patterns and style book, together with full information of carriage and duty to any part of the world, post free.

C. E. BRIERLEY & CO., 33, Station Street, HUDDERSFIELD.

Do you pay too much for your clothes?

In the ordinary way you have to bear your share of heavy rents of tailors' shops. By dealing with us you get not only the same material and cut but better suits for less money than you would have to pay your tailor. If you prefer, we will supply real Yorkshire cloths for the latter to make up. Either way you will save money. Suits from 29/6, lengths from 10/-, post free.

Write for Free Patterns, Measurement Form, and Design Book.

GROVES & LINDLEY, 25, Lion Buildings, HUDDERSFIELD, ENGLAND.

A CAPITAL 27/6 SPORTING COAT

Invaluable for walking, cycling, shooting, riding, and all outdoor sports.

This coat is fitted with a reversed box-pleat up the back to allow freedom of shoulder movement.

It is fitted with a belt at back with two buttons, so that it can be tightened at the desire of the wearer

Large patch pockets.

Horn or leather buttons.

Materials:

HOMESPUNS, SCOTCH TWEEDS, IRISH TWEEDS

An accurate fit is guaranteed. Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

J. & H. ELLIS, The Smart Set Tailors,

20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

Every Londoner should make a point of calling.

LIN-GLOSS

The New Waterproof Washable Linen Glaze, will give you a clean linen collar every day for six months at a cost of 1s.

Simply coat an ordinary linen collar or cuff with LIN-GLOSS once a month and you will then have a clean collar daily by sponging with cold water. You get all the advantages of celluloid without its detestable appearance, and without its dangers. The appearance of the collar is not altered in the least. It is impossible to tell that LIN-GLOSS has been used.

A One Shilling Bottle will last six months, and will save 500 per cent. on the outlay.

THE LIN-GLOSS CO.
(Dept. 10), 58, Cheapside, London, E.C.

When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietors, THE MODERN MAN, LTD., by THE UNITED PRESS, LTD., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Sole Agents for Colonies: GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

"Tymaka" (Patent) Tie Frames are indispensable to wearers of double collars. When tie is once adjusted on this frame it is ready for constant use without the trouble of tying and untying each time it is worn. Is easily attached to the stem of collar-stud, and does not damage collar or tie. If unable to obtain from your hosier, sample post free 6d.—Hart & Co., 15 and 16, Thavies Inn, London, E.C.

Always Well-dressed on 1s. a Year. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Bottle 1s. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3190, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's smart, dark 2-guinea overcoat, single-breasted, 38in. chest, quite new; sell 25s.—Box 3594, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 11s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3580, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Anglers appreciate genuine British-made fishing tackle direct from the makers, carefully packed for home or export. Albert Smith is familiar with the wants of anglers in all parts of the world. Catalogues free. Note address: Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch, Worcs.

Complete set of boxing gloves, brand new, never been used, cost 12s. 6d; accept 8s. 6d.—Box 3581, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, punching ball suspended from wall platform. State price required.—Box 3591, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

To Leicester Readers.—Boxing! Ball-punching! Weight-lifting! Boxing, 7s. 6d. per term; director, William Hart, 10st. 6lb. champion of Leicestershire. Muscle building and weight-lifting, term 5s.; director, William Baker. Combined course, 10s. Established four years.—Apply, Baker, 107, Kirby Road, Leicester.

Pair Sandow's grip dumbbells, 7s., new; soiled pair, 5s.; double-ended punching-ball, cost 18s. 6d.; sell 8s. 6d.; one cost 34s., sell 15s. 9d.; five-strand chest-expander, 3s. 9d.; ten-strand, 7s.; fifteen-strand, 10s. All new and carriage paid.—Aston, 52, Lamont Road, Chelsea, S.W.

Football, brand new this season, never been used; take 6s. 6d., a bargain.—Box 3,600, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Set of boxing gloves (Bryan's Champions), 4 fencing gauntlets, 2 head guards, 2 foils, 4 spare blades, trapeze bar 2 pairs rings (no ropes); 30s. the lot, or would separate.—Box 3601, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, cannon bagatelle table, full size, good condition. Price and description.—Box 3602, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Mallock casting reel, aluminium, 4in., 25s.; Slater's combination reel, aluminium, 3½in., 18s.; fly book, with 28 salmon flies, 20s.; 10 artificial baits, Devons, &c., 7s.; £3 3s. the lot, or near offer.—Box 3603, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Billiard table, by Stevens, 10 by 5, splendid condition; take £30, including set ivory balls, marker, cue rest, and cues; bargain.—Box 3604, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For billiard tables see Riley's advertisement, page 19.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Kodak camera, ¼ plate, cost £6 18s.; exchange for Edison phonograph and records.—Box 3605, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, ¼-plate folding pocket camera, with canvas case, Unicum lens, Bausch Lomb shutter, taking films or plates, aluminium double dark slide, focusing screen, with tripod, or with field glasses; would exchange for reliable make prism binoculars.—Box 3606, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Complete Business Man's Encyclopædia of seven volumes; absolutely new; cost £2 12s. 6d.; sacrifice 28s.—Tyndal, 97, High Street, Dunfermline.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

Encyclopædia Britannica, tenth edition, 35 vols., cloth bound, quite new, with revolving bookcase, £8 cash.—Box 3607, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

CYCLES, &c.

Motor cycle for sale, 2½-h.p.; good going order.—E. Preston, Berlin House, Ibstock, Leicester.

Bicycle, built of B.S.A. and Chater-Lea fittings, two-speed gear and two brakes, good condition; 35s.—Box 3593, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

½-h.p. Otto cycle gas engine and dynamo tor sale.—Box 3608, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

Windsor zither banjo, high-class instrument, in solid leather (brown) Reliance case, 40s.—Box 3609, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Windsor De Luxe or Artist's Model five-stringed zither banjo, must be cheap for cash.—Box 3610, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 21.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Mail order business wanted; must be genuine and bear investigation.—Box 3613, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£250 British Homes certificate, present value about £50; accept £25 for quick sale.—Box 3614, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, £30 privately, one year, good interest, highest references.—Box 3615, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sale, thirty £1 shares Columbia Rubber Co.; accept £26.—Box 3616, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£20 required immediately for two months, £2 10s. interest; first-class security given.—Write D. C., Box 3671, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Three £1 shares, different companies, for sale.—Box 3618, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, few Lipton's preference shares. Prompt cash payment.—Box 3619, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£20 immediately wanted; repay £25, references.—Box 3620, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 3584, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sore feet and sore places rapidly cured by simple common-sense treatment. Send P.O., 6d., to Secretary, A. C., 68, Carleton Street, Nelson, Lancs.

Piles, marvellous cure for; receipt P.O. 1s. 1d.—Write in first case to Box 3585, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 3586, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

BEAUTIFULLY SUNBURNT HOLIDAY COMPLEXIONS (INDIAN LIQUID BRONZE), 10d., OR PARTICULARS, PENNY STAMP.—BINN, 4, PIT LANE, BRADFORD, YORKS.

"Imitated but never equalled."—Stage artiste's secret. Fixes the hair in any desired position. 1s. 1d. postal order for recipe.—Syd Sley, 57, William Edward Street, Birmingham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Amusement.—Secure, post free, six unique Pocket Novelties, 1s. 6d.—Hyams, 19, Ellis Street, Birmingham.

125 Cigarettes, 2d. Send 2d. for coupon, blends, and particulars.—Empire Stores, 6, Norfolk Street, Sunderland.

A golden offer. Gent's tie-pin, exceptionally handsome, 1s. post free.—J. Treasure and Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

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